

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXVII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1921

NUMBER 343

Contents

The Week	123
Editorials	
Germany: Prize of Diplomacy.....	126
Imperialism in Haiti.....	128
Nothing—But the Truth.....	129
The Time to Speak.....	130
General Articles	
A Study in Dictatorship: The Russian Communist Party.....	132
Wanderer (Verse).....	137
Marriage with the East.....	138
Persecuting the Poor Steel Trust.....	140
.....Austin P. Haines	143
An Armenian in America. Aghavnie Yeghenian	143
Correspondence	143
Books and Things.....	144
Reviews of Books	
Teutonism Revived.....	145
French Cathedrals.....	146
Alice of the Adamases.....	147
The Peace Conference.....	148
Selected Current Books	149

The Week

AMERICANS generally believe that in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. Otherwise how can we explain our national obsession with conventions? Thus far the meeting of the A. F. of L. at Denver has produced no result which can be regarded as in any way important to the labor movement. So far from taking any forward step, from announcing any constructive policy, the convention shows a tendency to recede from positions previously held, as for instance that in favor of the Plumb Plan, and a preoccupation with its own internal politics. It is noteworthy that the Irish question stalks abroad in labor as in national politics, bringing a waste of energy and a confusion of thought which we must continue to expect until it is settled.

THE strike of the Marine Engineers has nominally come to an end. The Engineers, while demanding the resignation of their national president, William S. Brown, have reluctantly agreed to abide by the peace he signed for them with the Shipping Board. The terms are by no means favorable to

the Engineers, since according to them wages are reduced fifteen per cent and the men who went on strike are not promised reinstatement in their old positions. The one gain they have made is rather a negative one, and seems a gain only in contrast with what the Engineers would have received at the hands of the private shipowners. The agreement with the Shipping Board is to run for six months. The owners loudly protest this point. Quite frankly, they wish to have nothing to do with unions in the future; they long ago decided never again to sign any agreement with "any sea-going labor organization"; and they tell the Shipping Board that "a long record of defiant lawlessness and attempted destruction of human life and government property by the Engineers" is reason enough for not recognizing them. But the strike of the other marine labor organizations goes on, since they have refused to accept even the six months' contract, knowing that another wage cut would come at the end of it.

FOLLOWING the rejection, by a vote of more than two to one, of the owners' peace proposals, the British miners' executive made a desperate if ineffective play, by inviting other trade unions which are fighting against wage reductions to join them in national strike action to secure their demands. Is this an attempt to create a substitute for the triple alliance, which lost its nerve at the very moment when it could have acted to save the miners? Whatever happens, the hope of a clear-cut settlement which will be not a compromise, but an advance, seems to be passing. The strike is reaching a rather ragged stage. There are reports of miners returning to work in a number of districts, and quite naturally the cry goes up that the men are beaten. The British miners may come to the end of their funds and their endurance, they may go back to work, but beaten they are not likely to be. They know exactly what they want, and sooner or later they mean to have it. They may go back to work now on terms they do not like, or

on no terms at all. This will not be peace but only a truce in the battle for nationalization which in a few months will have to start all over again.

FOR some time it has been evident that Mr. La Guardia, the Republican President of New York's Board of Aldermen, has been keeping his ear to the ground, and hearing there rumors not audible in Albany. He reacted as instantly as did Hearst and Mayor Hylan when Governor Miller began his fight for the Transit Commission, and in the same way. He protested vigorously against the repeal at Albany of the direct primary. Now he announces himself a candidate for Mayor—and if the straw vote taken by the *Globe*, giving him a healthy lead over Hylan, means anything—his chances are good. The chance of success of a Republican candidate who saw eye to eye with Governor Miller would be very poor. La Guardia pays close attention to what is going on in the voters' minds; he sees there a growing protest against the reaction at Albany, and he has the shrewdness to express this feeling and to lead it. Other Republicans have been begging him to "soft-pedal" the Miller administration, but, says La Guardia, "I do not intend to soft-pedal it at all . . . I intend to give the thinking Republicans an opportunity to protest. . . ."

WHAT Mr. Samuel Untermyer dug up for the Lockwood Committee in New York, he has dug up again in Buffalo, and it is a safe guess that the same conditions of collusion which effectively prevent house-building in Buffalo are to be found in most large American cities today. The state of things unearthed in western New York is probably typical. Price fixing combinations have run up the prices of building materials anywhere from 100 to 400 per cent, while the cost of the labor employed in making them rose but 50 per cent. Within four years brick companies, using the same clay and gravel pits, the same machinery and inexpensive labor, managed to boost the price of brick from \$6.50 to \$26 per thousand. This was accomplished by dismantling plants and so restricting the supply to much less than the demand. Last year alone, the price of brick was increased six separate times. Only close cooperation, amounting to conspiracy, made such plunder possible. The manufacturers did not think of it as plunder. One witness, member of the New York State Building Material Association, served on the Association's "committee on trade ethics," which, he admitted, was for the purpose of making members "conform to the ethics of maintaining fixed prices."

SENATOR FRANCE, after a conference in London, reports M. Leonid Krassin as rather puzzled at the American attitude toward Russia, an attitude which to us who are nearer to it seems to be chiefly one of ignorant aversion. When M. Krassin arrives in Canada, he will have the chance to talk to American business men who do not share their government's indifference. We should not be surprised if that indifference should take on the color of hostility were M. Krassin to ask for permission to cross over into the United States. From another source we learn that M. Krassin has up his sleeve a plan to persuade our government—by means less direct than an official visit—to consider trade with Russia. Apparently he has approached a number of British mining engineers, proposing that they should resume the management and operation of gold mines confiscated from them by the Soviets, with the tempting offer to repay their losses—about \$10,000,000—if they consent to return. The point of his offer is that these engineers were once associates of Secretary Hoover's, whom M. Krassin may be expecting them to convert.

IN all his negotiations so far M. Krassin has shown remarkable skill, coupled with rare understanding of the special psychology of the governments with which he has been talking. Whether M. Krassin is more of a realist by nature, or whether contact with the western governments has taught him shrewdness, at any rate his common sense in dealing with them is superior to that shown by his partners in Moscow. For however just may be their reasons, however criminally we may have dealt with Russian prisoners here, the failure of the Soviet authorities to release the American prisoners has—in view of the feeling about the matter in the United States—been unaccountable. Even more unaccountable was their failure to allow President Johnston of the Machinists' Union to visit Russia. We can imagine no cause—and none has been advanced by the Soviets—that could have outweighed the obvious advantages of letting him in. The Machinists are a very wide-awake, practical and progressive organization, and Mr. Johnston started for Russia in a sympathetic frame of mind with the idea of learning facts to support the Machinists' determined campaign for the resumption of trade. By shutting him out without an explanation the Russians apparently have done themselves harm.

ONE function of the efficiency expert is to bring about a profitable relation between the cost of doing business and its proceeds. In taxation,

likewise, it is considered that an impost of which the proceeds are largely absorbed by the cost of collection is unscientific; and even in charity it is a talking point when the management does not absorb more than fifty per cent of the contributions. The collection of indemnities is too recent a function to have received the attention of the efficiency expert, but in his absence we venture the opinion that the German reparation account, call it business, taxation, or charity as you like, shows too large an overhead. The Germans have paid roughly 8,000,000,000 marks. The occupation has cost 7,000,000,000 marks. One reason for the enormous cost of the Army of Occupation is understood to be the large number of French functionaries connected with it. Another reason is the great expense attaching to the American contingent—an expense utterly out of proportion to its value. The shortest and easiest way for us to help Europe is to recall our troops.

ON no issue of the campaign did the successful candidate so successfully straddle as on that of the League of Nations. Now speaks Mr. Hamilton Holt, like Nathan the prophet, lest we forget and Mr. Harding get away with it.

You have . . . repeatedly promised . . . that you will seek to establish an association of nations based upon the application of justice and right, binding us in conference and cooperation for the prevention of war and pointing the way to a higher civilization and international fraternity in which all the world might share. You have not yet given the American people the slightest inkling of the terms of this Harding association that shall supplant the Wilson league. Has not the time come, I respectfully ask, for you to do this?

Hastily the administration lets it be known that such a plan has been prepared by an expert in international law, and is only awaiting a favorable moment for its appearance, but just at present the waters are troubled. Even so, quoth Mr. Hamilton Holt, you must fish—or cut bait.

IT was fitting that on so happy an occasion as the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of his graduation from Brown University, Secretary Hughes should have treated America's position with reference to foreign affairs in a simple, pleasant, enthusiastic manner. He gave voice to the popular view of our entrance into the war, in emphatic contrast to Mr. Harvey, who ventured to suggest the unpopular view. But surely Mr. Hughes knows that there are two questions involved. One concerns the immediate emotional response which the people made to a situation as presented to them, about which their information was imperfect, and in some

particulars false. The other concerns the real factors of the situation, and the responsibility for concealing or misrepresenting them. The first question is, in one sense, unimportant because every one knows the answer. Mr. Hughes answered it eloquently. The second question is fundamental to a self-governing people, but it will never be answered.

OBREGON stands firm on his ground that recognition must come before a treaty with the United States, and in this Mexico, of course, is squarely behind him. If this deadlock continues long enough, perhaps Neptune, who has already taken a hand in the matter, may see to it that the substance which chiefly prevents friendship with Mexico disappears entirely. Mr. J. A. Phelan, one of the Shipping Board's experts, declares that in the area forty miles square, where are most of the oil wells, 63 out of 104 wells no longer produce, and that salt water is quickly filling up the ones still in operation. If the salt water is persistent, the day may come when we shall bless it. Salt water is nothing much to make intervention and war about.

THE New Republic always tries to be judicial and impartial and is therefore bound to confess frankly that the Sporting Editor is a partisan of Monsieur Georges Carpentier in the approaching international event. A visit to the training quarters of both pretenders by means of the sporting columns of the World is responsible for this alignment. The lovely farmhouse which serves as training quarters of the Gallic pugilist, his modest appearance "wearing a wonderful white bath-robe thing with curious Javanese figures on it," "the charming impersonal bow" with which he greeted the journalists, the beauty of the head after Praxiteles, and of the torso surpassing Michael-Angelo, the low murmur of apology to his opponent after each successful hook to the jaw,—all this in contrast to Dempsey, with his quarters in an ugly, stuffy little yellow house, wearing "bright purple cotton tights and a huge woolly brown sweater," for all the world like "a big, sulky, black grizzly bear," has floated our colleague from his patriotic moorings. His definite statement to readers of the New Republic on the eve of the battle is that Carpentier is the greatest apostle of culture and the most effective advance agent of sweetness and light to visit America since the late Matthew Arnold.

A VERY interesting experiment will begin next fall with the reopening of the Brookwood school at Katonah, New York, as a college for workers. A

Committee of labor leaders—composed of such progressives as Fitzpatrick, Maurer, Brophy and Rose Schneidermann, which is cooperating with the School, has outlined its plans. The fact that workers will be the pupils, and that they will expect to learn things that will help them reorganize a capitalist world nearer to their own ideals, presupposes, you may say, a certain bias in the teaching. The Committee reassures us on this point; and save for the fact that it stands for a new and better order and that it believes that the labor movement is the most hopeful force in the world today, "Brookwood is not a propagandist institution. It earnestly and fearlessly seeks the truth, free from dogma and doctrinaire teaching." Brookwood, we dare say, will give other schools and colleges,—which neither share its point of view nor appeal to the same kind of students—something to think about.

Germany: Prize of Diplomacy

WHAT makes European diplomacy so baffling to Americans is its apparent lack of fixed principles, or to be more precise, fixed data. Our own diplomacy is nothing if not fixed and firmly anchored. The Monroe Doctrine stands decade after decade like a law of nature; the doctrine of American isolation was only shaken by a storm that flattened almost all other diplomatic structures to the ground. But consider the ways of the European diplomats. Not many decades ago nothing seemed more permanently fixed than Anglo-French competition in Africa, or Russo-British conflict in Asia. But all that had become ancient history before the war, and more recently the Russian destiny to dominate Constantinople and the Straits, and the German Road to the Land of the Morning have entirely dropped out of sight. Victory and defeat removed many of the old diplomatic objectives. But beyond victory and defeat, a process of diplomatic evolution is at work which we Americans follow with difficulty or do not follow at all, with the result that what we had not foreseen emerges miraculously to confound our calculations.

The diplomatic position of Germany, on the eve of the Treaty of Versailles, appeared perfectly definite. The rôle of Germany herself seemed entirely passive. True, she could present the alternatives of going Bolshevik or of remaining moderately bourgeois, and in so far place certain limits upon the arbitrary will of the conquerors. Beyond that the significant question was indemnity versus continued national impotence. Should Germany be

permitted to work toward a restoration of her pre-war economic condition? Then considerable indemnity payments could be made and what was more important, German industry and commerce would revive and in reviving galvanize much of Central and Eastern Europe into active economic life. But then also the German military menace to France would revive. For economic power can not be kept distinct from military power. The obvious object of French policy was to keep Germany down, by intolerable indemnity charges, commercial restrictions, military limitations, and possibly by final dismemberment. The object of British policy, more or less obscured by the thirst for punishment and the exaggerated cupidities engendered by the demagogic promises of Lloyd George, was to charge what the traffic would bear, in the way of indemnities, but nevertheless to permit German economic recovery, in the interest of British trade and the trade of the world. Between the two policies there could be only one choice, for America as well as for the neutral world. We need not stress unduly the superior humanitarianism of the motives dominating British policy. There is not much profit in distinguishing on grounds of morality between diplomatic policies. But motives and morals apart there could be no question that the interests of civilization lay on the side of a live and let live policy for Germany as well as the rest of Europe. Such a policy, the French might have claimed, did not offer them absolute security. But neither would the annihilation of Germany offer absolute security. There are more forces evolving in Europe than any military nationalistic policy can securely contain.

After all, the problem of the future for France is not so much one of security as one of national influence and dignity. That has long been the case in fact. How did France come to be involved in the World War? Not by virtue of the fact that the French nation held resources the Germans wished to take away. The German industrialists did indeed want the iron mines of French Lorraine, but Germany would never have undertaken the burdens of an invasion for the profits of plain robbery. France was drawn into the war by her Russian alliance. She could have repudiated the alliance and remained at peace. But therewith she would have forfeited forever her position as a Great Power. She would have become utterly insignificant in the counsels of the nations. That the French identified their dignity as a Great Power with their national existence is all to their honor. We stress the distinction merely because of its bearing on future French policy, which can not turn on considerations of security alone, but

must take into full account the future position of France as a world Power.

Superficially it may appear that the position of France is sufficiently assured if no other military Power is permitted to appear on the Continent to dispute her hegemony. And yet the influence of France might wane to that of a second rate Power, even with Germany eliminated. Suppose that Germany is broken up into a number of weak states, as economically incompetent as the new nations of Central Europe now struggling into existence. The net result might easily be that the main currents of civilization would shift away from the European mainland and fall under the control of the maritime Powers, England, America, Japan and Italy. Relatively to the weak units of a Balkanized Central Europe France would be strong. But relatively to the developing forces of the world France might well become insignificant. And even French influence over a Balkanized Central Europe would sooner or later be disputed by Russia. Those who restrict their vision to the next five years will scout the notion that Russia can ever dispute control of Europe with France. But anyone who is willing to think in terms of generations will be forced to entertain the possibility that underneath the present Russian regime there is growing up a self-conscious nationalism that may become far more potent than the imperialism of the Tsars.

The policy of strengthening France by weakening Europe might have been rational two centuries ago. It may seem rational today to the military mind, which is nearly always atavistic in its political conceptions. As matters actually stand, however, its natural result would be to turn the future of the world over to the English speaking nations, Italy, Japan, and perhaps Russia. But what is the alternative for France? There is an alternative, extremely difficult to realize on account of ancient and modern animosities. That is the policy of Franco-German understanding, eventually to become a Franco-German-Russian understanding. France possesses and can long maintain the chief military power of Europe. She is competent to develop tremendous financial power. Germany still contains by far the greatest resources of trained industrial capacities in Europe. Russia is potentially the richest source of foodstuffs and raw materials in the world. If these forces could be combined the maritime nations would be fairly matched. The advantages of such a combination have long been obvious to far-seeing statesmen in all three countries. The project was one frequently considered in the generation before the war. But there were three insuperable obstacles: the stupidity of the Tsar, the arrogance of the Kaiser, and Alsace-

Lorraine subject to German rule. Those obstacles have all disappeared, only to give way to the new ones of an outlaw Russia and a Germany embittered by a crushing indemnity, the rape of the Saar Valley, the Rhine occupation and a long series of needless humiliations. But it lies in the power of the French to abate all of these obstacles, if not to remove them entirely.

Indeed, the French are in a position to do more than abate the obstacles. The indemnity charges as cash payments between states can produce nothing but friction. But it is entirely possible for France to exchange her indemnity claims for part control in the chief German export, shipping and financial concerns. Such a treatment of the indemnities has been considered favorably both in French and in German financial circles. With French interests definitely involved in German prosperity, French influence would naturally be exerted to open markets for German wares as well as French in Central and Eastern Europe. Economically France and Germany would thus go hand in hand; the two nations could not then maintain their political animosities indefinitely.

Give the French statesmen time, and one can hardly doubt that they would work away from the annihilation policy and toward an understanding between the three continental Powers. But in the meantime British policy is active, also. There is an alternative to a European combination under French leadership. That is an understanding between England and Germany, eventually to include Russia as well. France might then build as industriously as she chose with her lesser nations. Her ultimate reduction to secondary place would be fated.

It is such considerations we ought to bear in mind when we observe the baffling moves on the European chessboard. Loucheur and Rathenau meet to discuss the question of employing German labor and material in the reconstruction of the devastated provinces. That is in itself a simple transaction, not necessarily carrying any further implications. Yet it is attended by inspired statements as to the possibility of withdrawing the forces of occupation to the Rhine, and otherwise reducing the sources of German irritation. The British and the Poles observe the incident with an intensity that, on its face, it does not deserve. Americans shrug their shoulders over the European habit of torturing a meaning out of something that means nothing. But Europeans know it is out of such apparently meaningless episodes that the future alignments will grow.

One thing is clear enough. Germany, though broken down economically and shorn of her military resources, is still the great prize of European diplomacy, the clue to the diplomatic history of the

next decades. Germany in chaos commands the diplomatic field in the Occident as China in chaos commands the diplomatic field in the Orient. Of this the Germans are perfectly aware, and in spite of their apparent impotence, they will have much to say in the final decisions.

Imperialism in Haiti

FOR the mass of Americans Haiti might as well not exist. It is part of an island that is almost as big as the state of Ohio, luxuriantly rich in resources, and more beautiful in scenery than any eastern American region. These facts, and the fact that Haiti has had a significant history, mean nothing to Americans satiated with newspaper reading. If anything, the name merely crops out in a minor headline. It is at best a black mote that glints occasionally in the bright stream of our news.

We could stand this ignorance if it had no consequences. We are equally ignorant of nearer things. But having pushed our national power in the direction of Haiti and having enveloped the people of Haiti in the consequences of aggression, we are now in no position to go on in total irresponsibility. The time has come for Americans to bring their agents to account.

We know the allegations that have not been disproved: that our Marines have been murdering Haitians; that they have joined to assassination and summary execution the lesser crimes of robbery and arson; and that these outrages have been officially whitewashed. It is certain that one leading witness before the farcical court of inquiry, an American citizen, has just been killed, under circumstances that have been explained but would bear more explanation. Whether all the allegations, or any, can be maintained we are not now able to say. But this we can say: the United States government permits us to believe that disgraceful and hideous incidents have taken place in Haiti. And by shielding the exponents of martial law and insisting on censorship it drives us to the inescapable inference that brute force has been abused in Haiti.

American policy in regard to the Haitian Republic reposes where it cannot safely repose, in the hands of the Secretary of the Navy. Whether the Secretary be Daniels or Denby seems to make no real difference. The Navy is stronger than its Secretary, and an uncontrolled militaristic occupation has inevitably evil results. Hence we can hope for nothing in Haiti until a new policy is conceived. The present policy, militaristic dictatorship, is in the very nature of things bound to lead to an unworkable situation. This policy must be changed.

The Secretary of the Navy is said to favor such a change. He is said to predict that the military occupation will soon be over, to be succeeded by some sort of civil cooperation between the Haitians and the Americans. But meanwhile what sort of policy comes from Mr. Denby? His latest act is to defend an order of Colonel Russell's, transferring Haitian political offenders (that is to say, the critics of the occupation) from native courts to American military courts.

Colonel Russell's order is not unimaginable when one considers the "slandorous, untrue and incendiary" utterances concerning the American occupation which he finds in the Haitian press. It is not unnatural, under the circumstances, that a man like himself, obliged to impose his will by force, should try to go another step forward and lay hold of the critics whom his employment of force has created. We do not, considering everything, marvel at Colonel Russell. But we do feel that Secretary Denby's acquiescence in this flagrant process should open people's eyes to the mission in which our government's servants are engaged.

What does Mr. Denby mean by saying that "an unprejudiced and unintimidated court awaits" political offenders in Haiti? It is futile nonsense to accompany our militarism with such hypocritical cant as this. No military court is "unprejudiced" in an occupied area. The military are interested parties in all such trials, and their verdicts are about as dependable as those of a compass which stands next to a 16-inch gun.

In regard to Haiti we are confronted, however, not only by the allegations of outrage. We are confronted by the necessity of deciding whether the process under fire should be protected and perpetuated. There is nothing in the worst annals of imperialism to exceed the savage callousness of the behavior of our own forces in Haiti, as charged by responsible men and never refuted. The question now is, shall we stop it? Mr. Denby is not disposed to stop it. He is trying to hide it, and he is sanctioning an extension of military powers. What we want to see is the reversal of this policy. In Haiti the military are irresponsible, and we want to see them made responsible. This means an American civil occupation that has somebody besides mere officeholders in it, and that dominates the use of force.

Congress should act in this direction. Very little, apparently, can be expected from Mr. Hughes. He refuses to see the Haitian delegates in this country and he takes no visible action in regard to the Haitian assertion that their treaty rights have been violated. We cannot look hopefully to Mr. Hughes.

A Congressional investigation is never promising, but in order to secure a reversal of our policy it appears to be necessary to plumb the brutality of military occupation, and to bring home to the Cabinet and the President the depth of public indignation when facts like these are established. To move Congress is hard, but less hard than to move Mr. Hughes or Mr. Denby. And there is a considerable body of humane sentiment in Congress to which American citizens can appeal.

That decent sentiment must be invoked not because the Haitians do not need American cooperation but because, in the guise of cooperation, we have been yielding to the political stupidity of our military agents. It is not absolutely axiomatic that a naval or military officer is politically imbecile, but it is not an unsafe principle to proceed upon where the military occupation of a Negro republic is concerned. At any rate since 1915 in Haiti the American flag has been rolled in mud. Under our flag and in its name we have had gross abuse of simple human rights and simple political principles—on a large scale. It is time that Americans wake up to this fact and take a hand in forcing a civil policy for Haiti. The Christian Churches will find their work cut out for them in this miserable business. So will every intelligent anti-Imperialist. So will plain Americans who feel we cannot give political *carte blanche* to any Navy Department.

Nothing—But the Truth

ON May 20th, Representative Michaelson of Illinois moved in the House of Representatives a resolution to appoint a committee to investigate charges in regard to foreign propaganda spread in the United States prior to the declaration of war against Germany. On May 26th, he attempted, amid a constant fire of interruption, to discuss his resolution, calling attention particularly to the statement made by M. Hanotaux, former Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, in his *History of the War*, to the effect that France would have made peace in 1914 but for the assurances of three Americans, Messrs. Robert Bacon, Myron T. Herrick and William G. Sharp that they would organize propaganda to put the United States into war on the side of the Allies, and to an article by Sir Gilbert Parker in *Harpers' Magazine* recounting his exploits in "selling the war" to America through newspapers, motion pictures, pamphlets, speeches, debates, interviews, personal correspondence, libraries, universities, clubs, and the Y. M. C. A. At the close of Representative Michaelson's speech his remarks were

qualified as "scandalous" and "treasonable," as a "slimy, slanderous, disgraceful outrageous assault" on the honor of this country—and a serious effort was made to expunge them from the record.

We advert to this incident because it is thoroughly typical of the mental habits of the American people, of their resolute refusal to face the facts, if, by any chance, they may turn out to be unpleasant. One of the most important subjects of consideration at the present day, one upon which the future of the human race may depend, is the means of avoiding war. It is the highest object of statesmanship to create an institution which shall be strong enough to resist the peoples' will to bloodshed. But it is recognized that behind any institution stands this will; only by understanding it, the mass psychology by which it is controlled, and the devices by which it is directed, can we be safe from its devastating force. Now it may be that an investigation will prove nothing, and aid us not at all in learning how a people is led to slaughter; or it may be that we shall discover that M. Hanotaux's story and others like it are pipe dreams, and Sir Gilbert Parker's article mere idle boasting. But that is not why Representative Michaelson's proposal is scandalous and treasonable, slimy, disgraceful, and outrageous. No; it is these things because it may lead to the unpalatable truth that the American people did not spring spontaneously to arms but were eased into the trenches by the tender mercies of those whose interest it was to put them there.

The same refusal to face the facts is brilliantly illustrated by the reception of Ambassador Harvey's speech. He said we fought because we were afraid not to fight, and at once a chorus from the newspapers, the patriotic societies, and the American Legion, rebukes this aspersion on our personal and national courage. Of course it is untrue to assert that the people who fought and died were afraid. It is perfectly true to say that the representatives of the people in the administration fought because they were afraid. They were afraid, in the first place, of the people themselves, among whom, under the influence of a powerful, aggressive minority, the determination to fight was acquiring a momentum that threatened all who stood in its way. They were afraid because their policy of neutrality had been steadily inclining in favor of the Allies—the consequences of whose defeat would fall in a measure upon the United States. They were afraid perhaps because they foresaw that whatever the outcome in Europe a regrouping of nations was certain, and particularly an understanding between England and Ger-

many which would leave the United States dangerously isolated, commercially and politically. All this may well have been in the minds of our rulers in 1917. At all events, the violence with which they suppressed intelligent discussion testified to a fear lest the war should be understood; and the invincible ignorance with which they covered the secret purposes of their Allies, to a fear lest they should understand it themselves; and the complacency with which they admitted every one of importance to a share in the prestige and profits of the war, to a fear lest it should not be "popular." Something of this Mr. Harvey doubtless had in mind when he made his speech. Instead of cursing him it would be well to try to find out what he meant—but on this point there is a conspiracy of silence. One suspects that Mr. Harvey himself has been forbidden to explain.

All this is important because unless we know how and why wars came in the past we shall not know how to avoid them in future. In respect to frankness, and open diplomacy, even after the event, the United States is far behind Germany, Austria, and Russia. The diplomatic situation of those countries in July, 1914, as revealed by documents published by their present governments, is illuminatingly discussed by Professor Fay in recent numbers of the *American Historical Review*. It is appallingly clear from his pages how even with a certain will toward peace, the governments of at least two of those countries were impotent in the hands of the war machines which in days of national peril dominated them through fear. Germany at least went to war because she was afraid not to—and confesses it. As Professor Fay says, it is a pity that France and Great Britain have not followed the example of other parties to the world war, but even in the absence of official statement, such books as Lord Loreburn's and M. Gabriel Hanotaux's have performed for those countries a service of enlightenment and made it clear how far they too went to war because they were afraid not to.

The opposition to Mr. Michaelson's resolution in the House gives it a certain importance; the fact that someone is so fiercely concerned to block the investigation may suggest to the popular mind that there is something to investigate, to be known. More skilful is the opposition of the *Evening Post* which reminds Mr. Michaelson that the war is over. That attitude, which exploits the indifference of the people and makes it an easy and repeated victim, was illustrated by General Charles G. Dawes in attacking the proposal to investigate the business methods employed in the conduct of the war. Like the *Post* he declared, with blas-

phemous emphasis, that the war was over. Thus the fatal circle of the militarist denies to the people the right to learn by experience how to avoid war, or even how to wage it efficiently, because an efficient war will never be popular. During the war, truth may be treason; after peace it is of no importance. How many Americans know that we went to war with Spain because propaganda had become irresistible, because Congress escaped from the control of its leaders, because the administration was afraid not to fight though Spain had surrendered? It is entirely true that the American people fought and American boys died to free Cuba; it is true that they fought to free the world and put down irresponsible power everywhere—but these statements are not the whole truth. We shame our dead by maintaining a false and foolish legend in their name, and by insisting on receiving from a mocking world the homage due to a heroic people, afraid of nothing—but the truth.

The Time to Speak

"**T**O everything there is a season," says the preacher, "and a time to every purpose under the heaven . . . a time to keep silence and a time to speak." It is generally held that a state of war provides a time for keeping silence on many subjects, especially those which have to do with preparation for peace. On the contrary, it should be needless to point out that it is at just such times that freedom of discussion is important in a democratic country, if it is to make a wise use of the peace which it is engaged in conquering. The warning: "It is impossible to discuss that now: we are at war," is sure to be followed by the corollary: "It is of no use to discuss it now: the war is over." The subject of freedom of speech itself, fundamental as it is in a democracy, is one which should above all be raised in war time. When freedom of speech, like freedom of conscience, is demanded and necessary is the time when it should be exercised. When the right to either is challenged is the time to assert it. Only when circumstances combine to dramatize the demand, can the people be effectively aroused to the issue. When those circumstances have passed it is natural for them to sink into lethargy, indifference, acquiescence.

The truth of these observations is borne out by the present plight of those who acquiesced during the war in the limitation of civil rights, on the general understanding that after the war such rights would be restored, and victims of their abrogation would be pardoned. What they find is that these

rights are still denied wherever it is in the interest of the ruling class to deny them, and that those in prison as the result of acting on the Bill of Rights are likely to stay there. The restoration of civil liberties, the release of the martyrs to them, can be accomplished only after a struggle which is rendered exceptionally difficult by the complacency and apathy of the public.

A perfect illustration of this complacency is given by Dean James Parker Hall of the University of Chicago Law School in a convocation address delivered at that university. Dean Hall is favorably impressed by the fact that during the recent war the number of persons pursued in cases involving freedom of speech was far smaller than during the Civil War. He further finds it a matter of congratulation that in place of arbitrary executive action taken during the Civil War, the arrests during the World War were made in consequence of legislation, "the ordinary processes of law were followed, and the usual safeguards afforded to the accused." Here is the point at which a less optimistic observer will part company with Dean Hall. He will find in the fact that during the Civil War the numerous arrests were made by the executive and military authorities, that the civil courts were active in regaining their authority, and that the persecuted enjoyed largely the support of public opinion in their communities, reasons for thinking the procedure followed at that time the less inimical to democracy. In the World War it is notorious that "the ordinary processes of law" were turned against the suspected. District Attorneys and judges vied with each other in patriotic ferocity, and in the face of a public opinion violently aroused against the accused "the ordinary safeguards" amounted to nothing. Dean Hall concedes that the sentences were doubtless too severe; he points out that countries in which political crimes are more familiar rate them more leniently and adds the genial hope: "Perhaps we shall learn this also."

The after-war consideration of the subject Dean Hall qualifies frankly as muckraking. In the face of the lessons of the steel strike he believes "that peace time freedom of speech is as secure in American public opinion today as ever." He finds as a reason for this belief "the general condemnation that greeted the expulsion of the Socialist members from the New York Assembly." One is a little startled even from the sense of security which Dean Hall's eloquence has induced. Did this "general condemnation" accomplish anything except to reveal its futility? Are the expelled members permitted to take their seats? Is there the slightest prospect that they will be allowed to sit

after another reelection? Is there today sound or sign of this "general condemnation" which Dean Hall regards as so happy and hopeful an augury?

In Dean Hall's opinion those who consider the Espionage act as "a deadly blow at free speech" are engaging in "the age-old occupation of tilting at windmills." Into this category he will have to admit President Hopkins of Dartmouth College, who in a Commencement Address at the University of Pennsylvania sounded a less optimistic note. With an apology for offending our noses with matters which Dean Hall has relegated to the receptacle of decay, he declares:

However unsavory the odor of the reflection now, apart from the exigencies of the struggle, the fact remains that breeding of morale in the people for war involved, in the censorship, the suppression of truth as well as of falsehood; and in the policy of propaganda involved the enthronement of part truths and emotional appeals above complete truth and the dictates of reason. But now that war is passed the spirit of propaganda still remains in the reluctance with which there is returned to an impatient people the ancient right of access to knowledge of the truth, the right of free assembly and the right of freedom of speech. Meanwhile the hesitancy with which these are returned breeds in large groups vague suspicion and acrimonious distrust of that which is published as truth, and which actually is true, so that on all sides we hear the query whether we are being indulged with that which is considered good for us or with that which constitutes the facts. Thus we impair validity of the truth and open the door and give opportunity for authority which is not justly theirs to be ascribed to falsehood and deceit.

In other words, what we gained in unanimity of the will to war was at the expense of intellectual morale, and the loss is to be recovered only by a struggle, the more doubtful because it must be waged in the face of apathy and indifference.

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1921, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY	ALVIN JOHNSON
FRANCIS HACKETT	WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL	ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

A Study in Dictatorship

The Russian Communist Party

TO penetrate every particle of the social tissue; to be the main purveyor of ideas and constructive programs; to stimulate every organ into feverish activity even at the cost of pain; to smooth over contradictions; to combine heterogeneous elements into a force of mutual defence; to take cognizance of every disturbance; to be present at every point of danger and, by rushing into the breach, to prevent a fatal collapse; in short, to be the living spirit within a hulking, sluggish, reckless, backward, though youthful, powerful and indomitably enduring body of a nation, of a nation which by one mighty blow created a social revolution and now faces the stupendous problem of adapting itself to new conditions and of adapting conditions to its mental and material self,—this is the task of the Communist party in Russia. Only a history of the Russian revolution can make clear *how* this party came into power. It would be a fascinating study to follow the crimson streak of Bolshevism within the red current of the Russian revolutionary movement from that early date in the summer of 1903, when at the convention of the Social-Democratic party the controversy between Mensheviki and Bolsheviki first took shape. (This cleavage seemed to have been caused by mere splitting of hairs, the Mensheviki admitting to membership everybody “who lends the party regular *assistance* under the guidance of one of its branches,” the Bolsheviki demanding “*personal participation* in one of the party organizations.”) It would be most instructive to show how the gulf between the two revolutionary conceptions grew ever wider, how the Mensheviki, at first enthusiastically endorsed by the revolutionary masses immediately after the overthrow of Tsarism, were gradually pushed into the background until a time arrived when they were put under arrest by their former comrades, the Communist rulers of Russia, for seditious activities against the dictatorship of the proletariat. Space does not permit even an outline of this development. What we are concerned with is a description of the organization of the Communist party as well as of the main lines of its work at present. This may aid us to understand the present structure of revolutionary Russia.

The foundation of the party is the Yatcheyka, the “cell.” Wherever three or more Communists work together, they are obliged to form a “cell.”

Thus the entire country is dotted with Communist cells: the cell of a factory, the cell of an office, the cell of an army unit, the cell of a school, the cell of a railroad division, the cell of a village. The word cell is so often used in the Russian political jargon that it has grown to mean nothing but a small Communist unit. A map showing the distribution of the cells would reveal a considerable congestion in the industrial centres, notably in Petrograd and Moscow, and a diminishing frequency nearer to the rural districts. Within the same city, larger and more numerous cells will be found in the factories, shops, labor unions and officers’ training schools, while most of the administrative offices and the higher institutions of learning contain only small Communist groups.

The cell is an organization of the Communists according to their profession. Through it the party reaches into the very heart of the masses. It serves both as an instrument for carrying out the decisions of the party and as a source of information concerning the mood of the people with whom its members work in everyday life. The meetings of the cell are held regularly every week, and the attendance is obligatory. The questions under consideration are, first, the shop, office, union, regiment, school etc. in which the members of the cell are employed; second, the general economic and political problems of the nation. Each member of the cell is supposed to be fully alive both to details of the local branch of work where he is employed, and to the larger aspects of national life. A praesidium (presiding body) of three or more is in charge of the affairs of the cell. The members of the cell conduct propaganda among their fellow-workers who are ordinarily labelled as “non-partisan”; they distribute their party’s literature; they help in organizing campaigns. Time and again they call general meetings of all their fellow-workers—“non-partisan” meetings of an entire shop, mine, battalion, etc.—in which the topics under discussion are how to increase efficiency, how to improve conditions, how to organize educational activities. Each Communist, no matter how high his rank in the governmental hierarchy, is obliged to be a member of a cell. Thus Tchitcherin attends the cell of the Foreign Office employees on an equal footing with the Communist janitor of the same office; Trotsky, as

a member of a military cell, has no more rights than the ordinary Communist soldier. Failure to attend a cell meeting twice may lead to expulsion from the party unless excused on the ground of urgent affairs. Even so, it is considered bad form on the part of a leading Communist to be absent from his cell for a considerable length of time. Discussion within the cell is quite free; differences of rank are obliterated; the opposition may express itself in the most unhampered fashion.

The cell system is the live wire of the Communist party. Through it, the party appears, not as a group of professional politicians outside actual life, but as interlinked with every kind of work or service done within the nation. The effectiveness of the cell among its immediate surroundings is determined, first, by the existence of a clear and detailed program which every Communist considers it his duty to carry out; second, by the perfect unanimity of the cell members in dealing with the outside world, notwithstanding internal disagreements; third, by the readiness of the government to comply with the wishes of the cell. The cell is a strongly centralized body with great determination in the midst of a usually amorphous mass.

A group of neighboring cells forms a loose sectional organization whose sole aim is to call the cell members of the section to weekly general meetings. In the sectional meeting, which bears a more solemn character and takes up the most vital topics for discussion, the boundaries of occupation are first broken down. Here a Communist is summoned not because he is a blacksmith or a tailor of a given shop, or a social worker of a given unit, but because he is living in a given section of the city. Henceforward, to the very top, the party is organized on a territorial basis.

The first differentiated party organization above the cell, is the Borough Committee ("Rayónny Komitét"). It is the leading Communist body of the borough. It consists of a dozen or more members elected at a conference of cell representatives of the borough. Its term of office is three months. The Borough Committee holds plenary sessions and, more frequently, sessions of its praesidium. Besides its ordinary work of organization and propaganda, it calls monthly meetings of delegates from the cells and, at stated intervals, general meetings of all the Communists of the borough. A meeting of the latter kind is an important event in the life of the party. In a city like Moscow it may embrace several thousand. The highest party leaders are invited to address it, and its resolutions carry considerable weight. A conference of cell

representatives of the entire city elects a City Committee, to stay in office for six months. In a similar fashion, the County Committee and the Province Committee are elected at conferences representing the cells of the county or province respectively.

A Province Committee (Gubérnsky Komitét) is an organization of great consequence. It is the governing body within the province. Constitutionally, the Soviet Executive Committee is the local administration. Under Communist dictatorship, however, nothing is done without the consent of the Communist Province Committee. Back of the Soviet is always the party committee. But its primary purpose is to conduct the Communist work of organization and propaganda in the province. Its work is carried out through its various departments. A fully developed Province Committee contains a Department of Organization, Department of Propaganda, Department for Work among Women, Department for Work among the Peasants, Department for Work among National Minorities (where considerable numbers of the non-Russian population reside), and, as an affiliated organization, the Young People's Communist Committee. The kind of work it does is indicated by the name of each department. The Department of Propaganda, besides sending out speakers, calling meetings and organizing campaigns, has under its jurisdiction the publication of the local party magazines, papers and pamphlets and the organization and management of party schools where men and women are trained for party work and civil service. Each province has a number of such schools. The schools are divided into primary and secondary, according to the degree of the popularity of their instruction. By the end of 1920, Moscow contained thirty-six primary and twenty-one secondary schools. The system was headed by the Communist University of Sverdlov with nearly 1,500 students.

To illustrate the work of a Province Committee, a few figures may be quoted. The Department for Work among Women of the Moscow Province Committee organized in the month of August, 1920, one county conference, one hundred and twenty-six mass meetings, thirteen lectures, eighty-five "talks," thirty-six delegates' meetings, two meetings of housewives, twenty-six organizers' meetings, three enlarged conferences with representatives of other departments, ninety-seven meetings of women's departments, one hundred and twenty-three other meetings. The County Committee of Arzamas, an outlying district in the province of Nizhni-Novgorod, organized in the month of June, 1920, three hundred and seventy-seven mass-meetings, seven hundred talks, nine conferences

and ten lectures. The number of Communists in that county was then four hundred and fifty, and only eighty of them were active. It is well to remember that prior to the revolution Arzamas hardly heard one lecture in a long season, and mass meetings were generally unknown. The subject of the Communist meetings is not only the doctrine and the program of the Communist party, but also topics of general information. Thus the Department for Work among Women organizes courses in scientific cooking, in nursing, in the care of mothers and babies. The County Committee and the Province Committee maintain numbers of Communist clubs and "Agitpoints." The latter name, meaning "a point for [Communist] agitation," is applied to reading rooms open at every railroad station. Such a reading room, well kept up and ablaze with revolutionary posters, contains current magazines, papers, pamphlets and a number of books. This "literature" is being distributed to passengers free of charge or for a nominal fee. Travellers are invited to come and read.

At the head of the Communist party is the National Executive Committee, elected annually at a national conference and now consisting of thirty-six members. It has a praesidium, a secretariat and various departments. It is the ruling power of Russia. Its decisions become the decisions of the Sovnarkóm (Council of People's Commissaries, corresponding to the Cabinet in constitutional countries) and the All-Russian Executive Committee of the Soviets. Among its departments, that of Distribution of Personnel should be noted. This department orders the members of the Communist party from province to province and from one branch of work to the other as national interests or factional expediency may require, the members of the party being organized on the basis of military discipline and being obliged to follow unquestioningly the command of the Executive Committee.

Quite apart from this organization which has a permanent character, is the system of "factions." A Communist "faction" is a caucus meeting of Communist delegates to a conference or convention which also includes non-Communist members. The most important of such conferences are the conventions of the Soviets and the regular sessions of the Soviet Executive Committees. The "faction" ordinarily meets *before* the general meeting or session. It selects its praesidium. It carefully goes over the questions to be discussed. It makes a survey of the situation. It draws its resolutions. It appoints speakers. It fixes a maximum and a minimum to be defended as circumstances permit. It prepares a list of candidates. It works

out a strategy to be followed by all its members. Then when the Communists appear at the session, they represent a strongly united front. The phenomenon that startles every observer of revolutionary Russia is the influence of this organized body over the other, non-partisan, members. Even where the Communists are in the minority, their resolutions are ordinarily adopted and their candidates elected.

Starting with the conventions of the rural District Soviets where the Communist members are rare, their number increases with each successive stage of the elections, so that the Province Conventions of the Soviets and the All-Russian Congress of Soviets contain a solid Communist majority. How is this possible? Intimidation of non-conformists has been given as the explanation. I was present at many Soviet conventions toward the end of 1920 and my impression is that mere intimidation could not produce a Communist majority at the elections. True it is that the vote is open, by the raising of hands, and that representatives of the administration are present at the elections. True it is, further, that a few times during the last three years elections were annulled by the Central Executive Committee nominally on formal grounds, actually for electing non-Communist bodies. Still, administrative pressure cannot explain the outcome of the elections. Open voting is a general practice in Russia where electoral conferences and even the All-Russian Congress of the Soviets resemble a friendly Socialist mass meeting and where details of procedure and minute legal rites are heeded very little. The number of annulled elections is exceedingly small, and even the Mensheviks could tell me of only three instances. Cases of persecution of individual voters are not cited at all. It is obvious that in a country where the number of voters reaches millions and where elections are being held simultaneously in tens of thousands of districts, no amount of intimidation could induce a nation to vote against its better judgment. Here, as elsewhere, a mechanical explanation falls flat. Social and political reasons of a more subtle character should be looked for. The Russians, be it repeated, are not a dumb herd, lashed into obedience by cruel masters. Even Nicholas II, with plural votes for nobility and wealth, and with the police raging, could secure no obedient Duma. Why should this be possible for the Communists in times of revolution under a franchise nearly universal?

The election of Communists to office is due, first of all, to their marvellous organization, second, to the character of their opponents, and third, to the

prevailing mood of the masses. The Communists are organized into a strong, disciplined, unanimous force. At a conference where each delegate is torn by doubts, fears, indecisions, where lack of precedents, lack of experience, insecurity of the next moment fill the soul with apprehension, the Communists rush in with an air of knowing everything, of having a cure for every suffering, of seeing a clear path out of every jungle. The Communists are self-reliant. They point to their former successes. They ridicule their defeated enemy. They remind the voter of how many times the seemingly impossible became an accomplished fact. They all hit the same mark. They present an iron phalanx. And they appeal to the highest idealism. They speak in the name of the beautiful future that will emerge out of the present misery and chaos. They are ready to bring order out of this chaos. The non-partisan voter is overwhelmed.

The character of the opposition only adds to Communist successes. Fundamentally, the "non-partisan" opposition has no program to offer, and the minority parties, Mensheviks and Socialists-Revolutionaries, would destroy the existing system. A choice between a Communist and his opponent does not mean the approval of one practical measure as opposed to another *on the basis of the existing system*. To elect a Social-Revolutionary Provincial Soviet would be tantamount to the election in America of a state legislature favoring a monarchy and engaged in activities tending to bring about a monarchy. A Social-Revolutionary or Menshevik Provincial Soviet in Russia today would be either a *contradictio in adjecto*, or a counter-revolutionary stronghold. Neither seems to appeal to the Russian voter. What he may wish is a modification of the present policies and a mitigation of the existing evils, but not a radical change of the system. And though the Mensheviks of the Left proclaim that they base their program on the existing system, yet behind this declaration is hidden so much hatred and contempt for the new order, and so close is the relationship between the "loyal" Left and the seditious Right of the same parties—the world over—that the ordinary citizen is not prepared to entrust to these parties the ship of state. The disadvantage of these parties is their inability to draw a definite program for the future on the basis of the present. Their very social conception leads them to begin all their reasoning with a negation of what has happened. The social revolution, however, cannot be easily reasoned away. It must either be crushed by force or made workable by new adaptations. The opposition is neither here nor there. Its hatred is not active, its proclaimed friendship is poisoned by

hatred. The voter is not attracted by this kind of opposition.

The voter, one may say, is in a state of doubt. On the one hand, the revolution has made a fine start and promises a future of glory. On the other hand, the present is burdened with unheard of privations. On the one hand, the misery and poverty of the country are due to external forces of war and blockade, on the other hand, the revolution itself manifested a lamentable lack of efficiency in handling economic affairs. There is keen disapproval of one or another commissár, of one or another administrative measure. Yet one is aware of the fact that somebody must conduct the affairs of the state, somebody who knows his way, who has had some experience, who has proved active and resourceful. And where can one find men of this type outside the Communist ranks? The voter himself may not be convinced of the possibility of realizing a Communist program in Russia, surely not the ordinary peasant, yet he is not convinced of the reverse, and he does not want counter-revolution. Thus he shifts the burden of government to the shoulders of the Communist party, ready to enjoy the fruit of their achievements, ready to criticize their failures. At times he may be embittered, even clamoring loudly. The moment he sees the Communists yielding to his insistence, he is again ready to "let them try." These fundamental motives may be interwoven with numberless others. The personal attraction of the candidates, local friendships and enmities, considerations of private loss or gain, desire for public recognition may enter as elements determining the outcome of elections. Yet, behind all, there is in the mind of the non-Communist electorate a basic notion which may be formulated thus: "They say they know how, let them go and do it."

Consequently it becomes possible that when a convention of a County Soviet is in session, the candidates proposed by the Communist "faction" are usually elected. And so it has become a practice that within the Executive Committee of a Soviet, a praesidium is elected and heads of departments are appointed in conformity with the suggestions of the "faction" of that Committee. And so, when the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, corresponding to a parliament in other countries, is convened, its "faction," an overwhelming majority of its membership, dictates its decisions. And the outcome is that the Central Executive Committee of the Russian Communist party is a more powerful body than the Council of People's Commissárs.

This is a duplication of power. In the higher spheres it is not even a duplication. It is Communist rule. It is impossible that the All-Russian

Congress of Soviets should reject a proposal of the Communist party, as the majority of delegates are Communists and every delegate is first of all bound by loyalty to his party. There may be a clash between one Communist proposal and another, but the voice of the National Executive Committee will be the decisive factor. The National Executive Committee is spoken of with more awe than the highest Soviet institutions.

This is dictatorship of a party within the dictatorship of the proletariat. It uses force at every state administration. It clanks its weapons, perhaps, louder than the governments of the old systems—certainly not louder than when these governments were threatened by revolution—because the entire country has been so far in a state of siege. Where the enemy within and without is armed to the teeth, one cannot expect silk-glove courtesy on the part of the controlling power. Yet the bayonet is only the last resort. To make the bayonet effective, new standards of administrative activities had to be established by the Communists,—the standards of social service. To be a Communist in Russia is not only a privilege but a crushing duty. It is a fact that the leading Communists, tens of thousands of them everywhere, are working themselves into a state of sickness and physical collapse.

The Communist is supposed to have no home, no permanent abode. He is a warrior in the employ of his party. From Baku to Petrograd, from Smolensk to Ekaterinburg he is moved by a telegraphic order of the "centre." His very choice of work is restricted. Today he is an organizer of the army, tomorrow a member of an economic council, later a lecturer in a Communist school. This requires a great deal of information, and the Communist is greedily absorbing knowledge of every kind. There are corrupt and false Communists, but they do not constitute the group, and even they are compelled to follow the dictates of the party and to do useful work, whatever their motive may be.

The Communist is under strict military rule. How often have I seen leading Communists opening their morning paper and reading about themselves: "Comrade so-and-so will address tonight a conference of such-and-such workers, by order of the City Committee. Means of conveyance will be furnished to him." Sometimes the conference is fifty miles away from the city. Yet the Communist would not think of disputing the order. On October 10, 1920, I read in the *Pravda*, the official organ of the Russian Communist party in Moscow, the following "announcement of the Executive Committee":

In view of the great need of the party and of Soviet schools for elementary Communist text-books, the Executive Committee of the R. C. P. decided to commission several responsible authors of the party with the compilation of such text-books. Some of those comrades will be partially or wholly freed from other work and obligations. The task was allotted to the following comrades:

1. RUBNOV. 'History of the Communist party.' Term, one month. To be freed from work in the Executive Committee. To continue work in the Central Textiles Administration.

2. STEKLOV. 'History of the Labor Movement in the West and the Internationale.' Term, two months. To continue indispensable current work in the *Isvestia*.

3. POKROVSKI. The third part of his 'Short History of Russia.' Term, 1.5 month. To be freed from work in the Commissariat of Education etc.

Seven other textbooks and authors were mentioned. I saw some of those books when they came from the press at the end of 1920. Even the literary work of leading Communists is under party discipline.

The Communist is supposed to be in the first ranks and to set an example. It was in September and October of last year, at the height of the struggle against Baron Wrangel, that I saw what this meant for the country. The military crisis was acute. The armistice with Poland had not yet been concluded, Wrangel was moving northward menacing the Ukraine. The Red army regiments were retreating in disorder. At that time the National Executive Committee ordered Communists to join the ranks. Tens of thousands of Communists hastened from all over Russia to go to the front. They went into the first lines of battle. They brought with them the will to win. They improved the morale of their comrades in arms. They stemmed the tide. Even the Mensheviks with whom I was in constant touch admitted that the "pouring in" of the Communist elements to the army helped to win the war. In the same manner the Communists are being thrown into the "internal front" to fight against industrial inefficiency, ignorance, disease. It is amazing how the military spirit still permeates not only the Communist party but all Russia. Military command somehow does not seem out of place in an impoverished land desperately struggling to overcome a gigantic crisis.

The Communist feels responsible for the welfare of the country and the work of its administration. He cannot blame anybody but himself. This makes him feel his own importance. He is aware of being the maker of his people's destinies. His privileges seem to him a natural sequence of the burden he puts on his own shoulders. Sometimes this burden becomes exceedingly irksome. All the Communists of a city, men and women, form a

special military unit to fight counter-revolutionary upheavals. Those who have had no military training, men and women alike, are drilled several hours a week. At the first call, the members of the unit appear, arms in hand, at party headquarters to face the counter-revolution. In the city of Nizhni-Novgorod where trouble was brewing in the garrison, I saw several hundred members of a Communist military unit assembled at the Soviet building. For three days and nights they waited to be called to defend the revolution in street fighting. Russia is still in a state of revolution, and the Communists are the carriers of its banner.

The amount of work demanded of a Communist is overwhelming. Attendance at meetings is obligatory. Participation in campaigns of every kind is obligatory. "Saturdaying," manual work of the crudest kind to be performed by every Communist for at least four hours weekly (such as street cleaning, loading cars, cleaning up railroad stations etc.) is obligatory. Military training for the special unit is obligatory. Public speaking for those qualified is also obligatory. All this besides the regular day's work as laborer, office employee or professional. High standards of morals are set for a Communist. Misbehavior is most rigorously censored. Crimes are punished more severely. And if at bottom a Communist may be no more idealistic, no more unselfish than an ordinary citizen, his very situation demands of him greater efforts, greater sacrifices, better conduct. No wonder the membership increases very slowly.

It is a formidable force, this army of six to seven thousand determined fighters, forming a highly centralized organization, trusting each other implicitly, obeying orders without a murmur, hurling themselves against obstacles with might, believing in the absolute righteousness of their cause, convinced that they want nothing for themselves and everything for the ultimate weal of the masses. An organization of this kind commands respect. The ordinary citizen may be critical. He may be a sceptic. He may assert with a degree of malice that the Communist is "no better than any of us." Yet this very statement implies that the Communist is *supposed* to follow a higher code of duties. The average Russian does not fail to recognize the significance of the Communist party.

What, then, is the ideal defended by this organization? Much has been written lately about the abolition of the Bolshevik principles, about turning to capitalism. In the eyes of a convinced Communist, all the recent measures of the Soviet government are only means of adaptation. The supreme value in his eyes is the dictatorship of the prole-

tariat, the possession of power by the working class of the cities. All the rest is subordinate to the main task. The working class, he believes, will ultimately establish an order based on justice. Time may elapse between the present "transitory" period and the final introduction of social justice. A change of tactics may be needed. Yet as long as the proletariat holds power, the road is open to a Communist order. To secure this colossal achievement of the revolution, the Communist is willing to modify his tactics, even to appear an opportunist. The Communist is in principle an anarchist, he dreams of a cooperative society without laws and without compulsion. Yet to save the dictatorship of the proletariat he has established a fiercely centralized administration. He is against militarism, and he has organized a strong army and maintains a military obedience within the ranks of his party. He is against arbitrary individual power, and he has introduced management of industries by individual state appointees. He is against private property and free trade within his country, and he is yielding to the demands of the peasantry and allows individual exchange of commodities between village and town. He is against private capital, and he invites foreign capital to take concessions in Russia and to make what is called in Marxian terminology "surplus value" for the owners of the means of production. All this is no contradiction to the Communist. The dictatorship of the proletariat still remains, and all concessions are only the means of retaining the proletariat in power.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

Wanderer

I have come home again to meadow-land and orchard,
And the dear, cool fingers of home wind fast about my
own,

While broken words of love are sounding at my shoulder
Saying,—You were away, and everything was lone.

The hills you knew, and meadowland, and house were
empty,

The cherries blossomed and the petals fell unseen,
The dark fruit rounded, ripened and was gathered,
And oh, how empty was the place where you had been!

Sometimes the dogs would come, whining softly for you,
Asking for a romp across the windy fields once more,
Wondering what kept you so, worried and bewildered,
Waiting for your eager step, your whistle at the door.

—Yes, I am home again, the chimney smoke is rising
Straight against the sunset, and lo, a window gleams;
But there's no voice at my shoulder, no clasp of dear cool
fingers,

Only the quiet frost and the dim-eyed sorrow of dreams.

BERNARD RAYMUND.

Marriage with the East

THE time when "the East shall be West and the West shall be East" is probably still as distant as the millennium so far as national characteristics are concerned, but the arts of the two have achieved a surprisingly close rapprochement,—it being the West, however, which has gone East. Ezra Pound in the *Quarterly Review* (October, 1914) declared, "We cannot escape in the coming centuries, even if we would, a stronger and stronger modification of our established standards by the pungent subtlety of oriental thought, and the power of condensed oriental forms." That is a conscious recognition of forces that have long been at work.

In a previous article I have discussed the extraordinary way in which the Japanese print has influenced contemporary poetry. But the print has not stood alone in its molding influence: there are curiously close analogies between Chinese and Japanese poetry and our own poetry of the present day. Now a study of Asiatic poetry, as it has reached us through translations, shows that it has two dominant characteristics: concentration, and a suggestive quality curiously allied to its objectivity.

Concentration is essentially a Japanese characteristic. Early Japanese prosody called simply for an alternation of any number of five and seven syllable lines, the poem however always ending with a seven syllable line followed by another of the same length. Eventually this form crystallized into the five line Tanka which stood alone as a complete poem. Of this Tanka poem, the opening three lines, called the hokku, set the theme; the concluding distich explicitly rounded off the thought inherent in the hokku. But following out the tendency toward compression, the hokku—since the whole meaning was implied in it and the final distich hence was superfluous—was made to stand alone. So Japan came to have as her national type of poetry an exceedingly condensed form of only three lines (of five, seven, and five syllables respectively) less than two ordinary English pentameters.

To the English mind most of these poems would be meaningless without annotation, but fortunately those who were hardy enough to translate them were wise enough to supply the necessary explanation. And some of these poems, even unannotated, had a wistful charm the occidental could grasp. Such is the little love song given by Lafcadio Hearn (*The Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1896):

I am the water-weed drifting—finding no place of
attachment;
When I wonder and where shall my flowers begin to
bloom.

Or this hokku from an article by Balet and Lefranc (*Fortnightly Review*, April, 1905):

The wind disperses the cherry blossom;
Then falls the rain
The tears of those who mourn it.

The occidental mind became fascinated by the effects it was possible to produce in limited space. An immediate tensioning, an impatience with the superfluous, a horror of diffuseness was the result. And it is all summed up in the Imagist pronouncement: "Concentration is of the very essence of poetry."

But great poetry within the limits of seventeen syllables was impossible to the unimaginative. It has been wisely said that the only true reader of a hokku is a poet himself. Basho, the great hokku master, succeeded in making his limited form the vehicle of a universalized emotion—and he did it in the only way that was possible, by suggestion. The poet gave the slightest structure of a poem, saturated with emotion, and on this structure the reader was free to build.

By necessity then suggestion along with concentration is elemental in Japanese poetry. And in the West not only is there an increasing emphasis on concentration, but also, Amy Lowell writes, "Suggestion is one of the great things we have learned from the Orient." The remark was applied to all the arts, but its importance to poetry she made clear elsewhere when she said, "If I were obliged to define the dominant characteristic of this idiom [used by modern poetry] in a word, I should say it was 'suggestion'; the evoking a place or character rather than describing it."

Suggestion in our contemporary school is made to spring from the concrete. There is a hesitancy about using abstractions. The eighteenth century poets, for example, had a fondness for writing of Love, Beauty, Hatred, Avarice (et cetera ad infinitum) all capitalized and all pretending to be something actual. The modern school, on the other hand, implies that there is no such thing as Beauty in the abstract; there are only beautiful things, and these it puts objectively before the reader. If it were desirable to give a name to the modern school in general that name would best be, The School of the Concrete. The contemporary

poet lives in a world of actuality; he recreates it in his poetry. The amorphous and intangible are rigorously excluded to make place for what is real to the senses, to what can be seen, felt, or tasted. The result is sensuous definiteness unparalleled elsewhere in English poetry. If this, however, were the whole truth, contemporary poetry would be merely physical—a species of sense photography rather than art. But this is not the whole truth. For, excluded though they are from the external workmanship of the poetry, *the intangibles are there*. They breathe through every line and hover on shimmering wings above every word. For the concrete in the poem is but the starting point of its poetry; the objective surfaces are meant to suggest the soul within; the meaning of the poem is not exhausted by explicitness, and the reader may take from it just in proportion as he is prepared to give in imaginative power. It is a failure to comprehend this richness in suggestion which is responsible for whatever criticism there is of the objectivity of contemporary poetry.

This alliance of suggestion and objectivity finds its counterpart in the Orient. If in the West poetry is becoming more and more objective, in the East it has been so for many centuries. The seventeen syllables of the hokku are given up to sensuous presentation, never to intangibles. And the concreteness of the East also is but a means to reach and enlarge upon abstract themes. I give an illuminating passage from Léon de Rosny's *Poésies Japonaises*: "Finally, Japanese poetry puts at the disposal of the writer all the charms of the picturesque, but on the one condition of not exhausting them, of leaving it to the imagination to explore horizons that some happy touches in the picture let him glimpse." And in Chinese poetry, although not so cramped by the necessities of form, there is the same insistence upon suggestion. Says C. de Harlez (*La Poésie Chinoise*) "The Chinese find charm in all that which paints to the eye or the mind, in that which renders thought to the senses through an exterior form."

It would be unsound to assert that contemporary poetry has borrowed its objectivity from the Orient. There are other and powerful influences which have been at work,—notably scientific materialism. But the poetry of the East has certainly helped rather than hindered this trend of development; and it is the poetry of the East allied to the inherent idealism of the poet nature that has kept the modern school from being forced by materialism to an employment of surfaces for themselves alone.

The Orient has the advantage of us in this matter of suggestion in that their language has a higher

allusive value than ours. Take, for example, this hokku about a man undetermined between two loves:

Flowers in both my hands,—flowers of plum and of cherry.

Which will be, I wonder, the flower to give me fruit.

To us, though perhaps very beautiful, a plum blossom is but a plum blossom; to the Japanese it has a moral significance, while cherry blossoms are physical in their overtones. The objective poem gives the whole spiritual value of the lover's situation. Certainly in English our words have a connotative value, but they have it to a much less positive degree than in the East, and for us the weaving of a fabric with a delicately hinted at design is difficult.

Aside from the more general analogies of concentration and suggestion the contemporary school is linked to the poetry of the Orient by a number of poems surprisingly close to the hokku in length and spirit. In Amy Lowell's *Pictures of the Floating World* there are fifty-nine Lacquer Prints, confessedly based on the pattern of the hokku, and conforming to it remarkably. Amongst other poems which approximate the eastern form Adelaide Crapsey's Cinquains are notable. Observe, for example, her

NOVEMBER NIGHT

Listen
With faint dry sound,
Like steps of passing ghosts,
The leaves, frost-crisped, break from the trees
And fall.

or her:

TRAPPED

Well and
If day on day
Follows, and weary year
On year and ever days and years
Well?

And so close has Adelaide Crapsey come to the original spirit that it has led her into a curious parallelism of thought. Compare *Trapped* with Buson's famous "Granted this dewdrop world is but a dewdrop world—this granted, yet. . . ." or her *November Night* with an old death song: "A leaf whirls down, alackaday! a leaf whirls down upon the wind."

The literatures have long had some sort of contact. As early as 1735 a Chinese drama was published in France under the title of *L'Orphelin de la famille de Tchao* and was later adapted by Voltaire for the French stage. And even before this, letters and accounts by both missionaries and

traders had brought some knowledge of Chinese literature to the West; that of Japan was longer closed to us. And contemporary poets are not the first to be influenced; Coleridge and Byron are only two of a long list of English poets that have turned fascinated eyes eastward. But to them the Orient was something glamorous, filled with Grand Khans and fabulous monsters. It is only with the

present era that there has come a true comprehension of the Orient, of its subtle artists, and delicate masters of the delicate hokku. With a clearer understanding we have found more that the East has to give us. And consequently it has penetrated deeply, rather than touched superficially, our poetry.

ROYALL SNOW.

Persecuting the Poor Steel Trust

WHILE Judge Gary and Mr. Gompers were engaged in an exchange of verbal brick-bats some time ago, a more formidable opponent even than the unionizing of the steel industry or Interchurch industrial reports, so far as immediate results are concerned, appeared against the United States Steel Corporation. On April 29th the Federal Trade Commission entered a formal complaint against that corporation, as a result of which it was obliged to appear before the Commission, on May 31st, and show why two of its devices for fixing the price of all steel, excepting rails, known as "the Pittsburgh base" and the "Pittsburgh plus," do not constitute a violation of the provisions against unfair methods of competition, in Section 5 of the Commission's organic act and Section 2 of the Clayton Anti-Trust act.

Strictly speaking, the Federal Trade Commission should not be described as an opponent of the United States Steel Corporation in this hearing, since it is a semi-judicial body. But under the somewhat anomalous statute creating the Commission, it must first find that conditions are such as to warrant a thorough investigation of any trade methods, and issue what is known as a complaint against them, after which it sits as a court to determine whether the methods complained of are such as to warrant an order for their discontinuance. Thus it combines somewhat the functions of complaining witness, judge, jury and executioner.

At a previous hearing, instigated by the Western Association of Rolled Steel Consumers, of Chicago, the Southern Association of Rolled Steel Consumers, of Birmingham, and commercial associations of Superior, Wisconsin, and Duluth, Minnesota, representing thousands of steel fabricators and supported by the American Farm Bureau Federation and other interested bodies, a complaint was denied by a vote of 3 to 2. By the same vote on a re-hearing, a thorough investigation was ordered.

Since the "Pittsburgh base" and "Pittsburgh plus" devices are tricks of the trade which are com-

monly employed in other industries, notably in the fixing of prices by the alleged cement trust recently indicted by a New York federal grand jury, a decision ordering their abandonment would have a profound effect on many lines of American industry, probably involving a complete shifting of their geographical centres. These terms, like much of the argot of any industry, mean little to the average man, until translated into layman's language. Then he finds that they mean a very great deal to him in dollars and cents. Roughly speaking, they mean that the price of steel produced at Pittsburgh is taken as the basic price by all steel mills throughout the United States, whether subsidiaries of the United States Steel Corporation or independents, and that to this base price is added the freight from Pittsburgh to the point at which the steel is sold, regardless of where it was produced. Take Gary, Indiana, for instance, where the head of the United States Steel Corporation has said that steel can be produced more cheaply than at Pittsburgh—a Chicago contractor or manufacturer can send his truck to the mills there, only a few miles distant, and haul his steel girders or bars produced at his very door to the place where he wishes to use them in Chicago, but he must pay, in addition to the Pittsburgh price, \$7.60 a ton freight from Pittsburgh. In other words, if the Pittsburgh price on rolled steel is \$50 a ton, the purchaser living in Chicago, or even in Gary itself, must pay \$57.60 a ton, including the fictitious freight rate. The Duluth purchaser of rolled steel must pay \$63.20 a ton for steel manufactured at the mills in Duluth, because of the imaginary and unearned freight of \$13.20 per ton from Pittsburgh to Minnesota. The sole exception to this is Birmingham, Alabama, where a flat increase of \$5.00 a ton is added to the basing price. This is less than the freight from Pittsburgh to Birmingham and applies only to purchasers in Birmingham. All purchasers in the territory surrounding the Birmingham mills must pay the regular "Pittsburgh

plus" prices. Thus, although rolled steel can be produced more cheaply at Birmingham than at Pittsburgh, owing to the proximity of raw materials, and though it can be transported to Atlanta at comparatively small cost, the Atlanta purchaser must pay the Birmingham mills the Pittsburgh base price, plus \$12.50 per ton as the unearned freight between Pittsburgh and Atlanta. As a result of these discriminations, Birmingham fabricators have an unfair advantage over those in other cities in its trade territory, while Pittsburgh fabricators enjoy an advantage over those in Birmingham, owing to the \$5.00 flat increase on Birmingham steel over the most expensively produced Pittsburgh steel.

Aside from the result which this has of making it impossible for western and southern manufacturers to compete on an equal basis with eastern concerns adjacent to Pittsburgh, it means that buyers of finished products containing steel are charged an exorbitant price, which goes to increase the dividends of the steel companies. By the time the manufacturer, jobber and retailer has added on his profits to the extra cost which the "Pittsburgh plus" places on every ton of rolled steel, it constitutes a heavy burden which enters into the cost of everything which the public buys that contains steel. It adds many dollars to the cost of the farmer's tractor, to the housewife's kitchen range, to the motorist's automobile. It takes a toll that runs into the thousands on every building and on reinforced concrete structures. It was recently developed before the Dailey investigating committee of the Illinois legislature that the extra cost of the new Federal Bank building in Chicago, resulting from the Pittsburgh base and plus methods, would amount to over \$60,000. It adds as a direct burden upon the taxpayers an extra cost of over one hundred dollars a mile for reinforced concrete roads. With thousands of miles of such highways to be constructed this season, it is no exaggeration whatever to make the statement that the "Pittsburgh plus" will take a toll amounting to tens of millions of dollars on this form of public work alone.

In the excuses offered for this trade practice we meet some old, old friends. There is, of course, the law of supply and demand—that handy catchphrase which, like charity, is used to cover such a multitude of sins. It was claimed that the steel production in such territories as those in the Chicago and Duluth mill districts was not sufficient to meet the local demand, and that steel had to be shipped in from Pittsburgh, with the result that local mills at those places naturally would not go below the Pittsburgh price. Though that was

true at one time, it certainly is not true now. In fact rolled steel is being shipped east and even exported from both the Chicago and Duluth mills.

It was developed in the recent hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission that 79 per cent of the total steel production of the country is outside the Pittsburgh territory, which produces the same percentage as the Chicago district. The capacity of western mills on sheet and plate steel is 44 per cent of the total production of the country; on wire rods 38 per cent; on structural shapes, 41 per cent; on concrete bars, 50 per cent; on merchant bars, 85 per cent; and on nails, 55 per cent. Furthermore, in the twelve year period preceding 1920 the capacity of the Chicago district was increased 112 per cent, whereas the capacity of the Pittsburgh and Birmingham districts was increased but 51 per cent, yet their relative productions have remained practically the same, Pittsburgh and Chicago for twenty-five years each producing about 20 per cent of the total. It would seem that this constant ratio of production of rolled steel between the Chicago and Pittsburgh districts is something more than a mere coincidence—something like the steadily maintained ratio in the purchase of live stock by the five big packers, "without any agreement or understanding!"

Another familiar argument which is used to bolster up the "Pittsburgh plus" practice is that of encouraging infant industries, so familiar in congressional debates on steel tariff schedules. It seems that it is not only necessary to protect the Steel Corporation from ruinous competition abroad, but also to protect its offspring from ruinous competition within, lest the parent might devour its own child. But, with production in both the Chicago and Duluth districts at a lower cost than at Pittsburgh, it is difficult for the lay mind to grasp the need for further protection of these lusty infants.

But there are two points which are most likely to puzzle the Man-in-the-Street, as he studies the question of steel prices. The first is how it comes that the prices fixed by the United States Steel Corporation, with its "Pittsburgh plus" frill, is, as a rule, exactly the same as those charged by all other steel companies outside the corporation, unless there is some understanding and collusion between them. It is one of those mysteries that is worthy the serious attention of students of psychic phenomena. The second strange thing is the fact that the differential which is required to preserve the fine balance between supply and demand, as well as to gauge the amount of pap needed by the

infants of the steel industry, is always exactly measured by the freight rate from Pittsburgh. When the Gary mills were first contemplated the freight rate on steel to Chicago was \$3.60 a ton, which was the amount needed then and for years afterward to preserve the industrial balance and nourish the infant sufficiently. But with each increase in freight rates, the dose had to be increased by exactly that much. Before the Cummins-Esch law went into effect, \$7.10 was both the amount of the freight from Pittsburgh to Duluth and the difference between the selling price at both mills. The day the present railroad rates went into effect, \$13.20 per ton became the difference that was necessary for economic stability.

There are some other remarkable phenomena in this connection which offer an interesting field for those engaged in a study of the occult. For instance, if you take a ton of ore to any furnace in Duluth, where 90 per cent of the total ore is handled, and convert it into pig iron, it can be shipped anywhere F. O. B. the furnace. But if you take exactly the same ton to the Minnesota Steel Corporation and convert it into iron bars it immediately becomes amenable to the "Pittsburgh plus" regulation. Or go to Chicago and see molten metal out of the same converter run into steel rails and iron girders. The former is sold F. O. B. mill (steel rails being the only rolled steel product not subject to the "Pittsburgh plus") while the latter cannot be bought F. O. B., but only with freight added to the point of delivery and that freight the amount it would cost to ship it from Pittsburgh.

However these are all mysteries which the Federal Trade Commission will have to solve, and if necessary it can call in members of the Society for Psychic Research as experts. Although the United States Steel Corporation was the only party cited to appear before the Commission on May 31st, the decision which is reached will of course be applicable to all the other steel companies following this same custom. It will also profoundly affect many other branches of industry, which have used this trade device for gouging and exploiting a long-suffering public, under a camouflage of technical terms, for so these many years. The Man-in-the-Street, realizing for the first time how largely this pernicious practice enters into the high cost of living—into construction costs, rents, taxes, the price of everything which contains steel—will watch the hearings with intenser interest and wish more power to those who have started this latest drive against antiquated and unfair trade practices.

AUSTIN P. HAINES.

An Armenian in America

HOW does it feel to be an Armenian in America?" asks a thoughtful friend. I stare at him. Does he wish to change places with me just once? "Write it, if you can't tell me," he urges. Yet even while I write these lines I wonder if he will really read what promises to be so painful.

Being an Armenian—an Armenian anywhere—gives one strange feelings. My mind is torn by the conflict of opposing emotions growing out of my racial inheritance and my living experience. Fear struggles with courage; pain with the will to endure; worry with optimism; depression with buoyancy; sorrow with faith; despair with hope; overshadowing death with promising life.

The injection of my friend's question into such a consciousness makes me gather my life into a shifting scene in which we Armenians, bleeding, wounded, murdered, outraged, drowning in the sea of barbarism, beaten by the waves of civilized cruelty, call out to the multitudes dwelling on the shore of security.

We cry the story of our life-long suffering, of our murdered manhood, our outraged womanhood, our dying babies, our tortured mothers, our crucified leaders. We cry in anguish and pain. We show our wounds. We call for help. The crowd on the shore throw out some handfuls of pennies which fall leaden into the waters. Our cry has not been understood.

Perhaps that band of strangers will be stirred by the story of our marvelous history of heroism. We tell of our struggle for liberty through the ages, of our martyrs who are countless, of the ever-undaunted courage of our men and women, of our undying faith in the triumph of right, and our unfailing hope of human goodness. Again we have failed to thrill the crowd upon the shore.

What has happened to the people who look out at the Armenian sea of suffering? They are incomprehensibly unresponsive. They seem almost motionless. We detect, however, a slight movement. It seems to spring from an emotion like that described in a cartoon published in a well-known American magazine, showing the gaunt figure of Armenia disturbing the peace of a fat congressman, who, handkerchief to his eyes, exclaims, "Get out. You are breaking my heart." Yes, there almost seems to be a slight movement, a turning of the back to avoid a harrowing picture.

The scene gives way in my mind to a question that stands out in letters of living fire: Has the world a heart? Alas! this is Armenia's eternal and unanswered question. People who appear

great and noble talk about the heart of the world. Do they really believe in it? Are they sincere? Have virtue and love of human valor died? Is there only the false and pretentious?

The suffering that comes from feeling that we live in a shallow and isolated world is more tragic than the danger of impending death. For death we have always met fearlessly, but it is *life*,—good, brave, real, serious life,—which Armenia craves; and the time when she feels her wings most broken is not when the Turk is out killing and plundering, but the time when England is deceiving her and France is betraying her, and when America is turning her back to avoid the painful picture. To be an Armenian in America is to be bitterly disappointed. To this country, this America so beloved, so rich, free, happy, it seems impossible to impart the sadness of an Armenian's life.

But why do I suffer? Haven't I the privilege of living in America, a privilege envied by others of my countrymen? Haven't I all the opportunities of an American? All this I have, freedom, position, opportunities, friends, but the happy smile of an American I can neither achieve nor buy. I walk about like one in a dream, my head heavy, my throat choked, my spirit crushed. I go to church and the minister reads from the old prophet of Israel, "How doth the City sit solitary that was full of people! She is become like a widow, that was great among the nations! Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." I do not comprehend the application of the words. I keep asking myself, "Isn't it of me that the minister speaks? Is there anyone else in the congregation who has lost his country, even as did the prophet?" I review the desolate cities of Armenia, its burned homes and ruined churches, its solitary hills and deserted streets. The rest of the minister's words are lost to me. As I walk out I cry silently to the passing crowds, "Is it nothing to you, O Americans, that I suffer, that my people are murdered, that my country is destroyed, that the virgins of Armenia die in shame in Turkish harems, that our children are starving, that our youth are still falling in the field so sacred to you, the battlefield of liberty? Is it nothing to you?"

I go to a concert, and the singer begins Mignon's passionate love song for her country, "*Connais-tu le pays où fleurit l'oranger—? C'est là, c'est là que je voudrais vivre, aimer, aimer et mourir.*" A desire to sob aloud seizes my whole being. I want to run away from the audience sitting there politely and smiling while they listen, they who cannot understand. I cry silently once again, "Is it nothing

to you who have a country that I have none?"

I go to the mountains and the memory of the green hills of Armenia takes me back to its present valleys of tears. I leave the mountains and run away to the beach in despair. The gay crowds marching up and down bring to me the dark picture of columns of women and children marching up and down the plains of Armenia in search of herbs for food. I attend a dinner party and note the luxurious gowns and wasted food, and I am forced to think of the rags in which the once wealthy and beautiful women of my land are now clad. I pass through the streets where American children play, pretty, happy, careless, and in my vision rise the rows of our orphanages with their pale, solemn-faced babies. The bright side of every situation points out to me with unmistakable clearness the other, the darker side, the Armenian side, and so, confined in my Armenian being, I cannot step out into the freedom of America. I wait, still I wait for America to break my chains.

This is how it feels to be an Armenian in America.

AGHAVNIE YEGHENIAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Christian Science Again

SIR: As a person with no certain religious convictions of my own, and a consequent respect for those who have them, may I question one or two points in Mr. Macy's article of June 8th, *American Criticism and Christian Science*. Mr. Macy speaks at some length of "the folly of the Christian Scientists in giving notoriety to an essay which, but for their ill-advised solicitude, might have slumbered almost unnoticed in the depths of a learned work." Passing by the assumption that the only standard by which to judge the defence of one's religion is that of expediency, does there not remain the likelihood that the concern of the Christian Scientists was not whether Mr. Riley's essay should be read by a dozen or a thousand people, but whether or not it should be included, in what purports to be an authoritative history of American literature, as an adequate statement of their creed? Mr. Macy alludes to the essay as a "dispassionate critical analysis," then quotes from it twice the tongue-tickling phrase, "the thrice-married female Trismegistus." This conjunction of epithets may be humorous; he rightly surmises that Mark Twain would have chuckled over it. As dispassionate critical analysis it ranks low,—about on a par with speaking, in a critical essay, of the "snub-nosed Socrates" or "the divorced John Milton."

If it requires courage, in these days of its prosperity, to say anything which could be construed as a defence of Christian Science, it seems even more hazardous to question Mr. Macy's criticism of G. P. Putnam's Sons. Yet whatever else one may say of "this old and once honorable firm of publishers," the statement that "the episode has given the Cambridge History some extra advertising without expense except the trivial price of a little honor" seems, on the face of it, inaccurate. To one little versed in the economy of publishing, it seems unlikely that an entire edition of a volume can be recalled and another published in its place without some expense to the publishers, unless that expense had been defrayed by some one else, a possibility which, if it were a matter of fact, would certainly not have escaped the attention of Mr. Macy.

ELIZABETH GRABO.

Chicago, Illinois.

Books and Things

OF Miss Austen's eight heroines, Anne is the only one to marry a man who has made his money. Captain Wentworth's modest but sufficient fortune represents his share of naval prizes captured in war. Three of her heroines marry clergymen, only one of whom, Edward Ferrars, is likely to remain wholly dependent on his living. Henry Tilney's prospects are not bad. Edmund Bertram's are decidedly good. The other four heroines marry well-to-do country gentlemen, only one of whom, Bingley, has an inheritance that is tainted by trade. The desirable life is life in the country on a good income that one hasn't earned.

Nearly a hundred years after Miss Austen wrote *Pride and Prejudice* it was still quite all right for an English novelist in good standing to make his picture of the desirable life from the same model that she studied. This is certainly true as late as 1880, when Mr. W. E. Norris was probably writing *No New Thing*. One of his three heroines, Margaret Stanniforth, is a widow whose income is £15,000 a year. Another, Edith Winnington, marries Walter Brune, who has come into a fortune of £150,000. Nellie Brune, Walter's sister, marries Margaret's brother-in-law, Tom, who will be one of the richest commoners in England when his father dies. In Mr. Norris's novel people's manners are of course not the same as in Miss Austen. The hours of meals are different. Horses and dogs are more important. Cricket has come in. But in *No New Thing*, quite as distinctly as in Miss Austen, the desirable life is to live in the country on money that you didn't make.

Unlike Miss Austen, who accepted at second hand, while satirizing the point of view from which trade looks inferior to the inheritance of property in land, Mr. Norris has apparently seen successful business men close to, has observed the characteristics and the habits that brought them success, and is quite sure—was quite sure, perhaps I should say, for I am speaking only of *No New Thing*—that the type he prefers is less pushing, less self-seeking. He accepts inheritance for eldest sons, good marriages for daughters, dispersal for younger sons, who must as a rule be condemned to an inferior life, lived away from home, not in the English country, without enough horses and dogs and cricket, without old friends within an easy drive or ride. For Mr. Norris, who rates inheritance higher than money-making, the desirable life implies having without trying to get. He combines a distaste for money-making with a liking for the leisure and freedom that were in 1880 and still are impossible without money.

This point of view is implicit in *No New Thing*, implicit so quietly that it sounds, even to me who have just put it into words, like an injustice to Mr. Norris, like an exaggeration. He says very little about business of any kind. What he satirizes is on the contrary the mean excesses to which people are liable who look at life from this point of view. Like Miss Austen, he satirizes what he accepts, and his satire is only of persons, never of a system which tempts persons without dignity to employ mean arts, never of private property itself. Please don't suppose that while rereading *No New Thing* the other day I was surprised to find Mr. Norris so uncritical of private property and primogeniture. I wasn't surprised. The only point I wish to make is that today, forty years later than *No New Thing*, it would be hard to match this uncriticalness in the work of a novelist of Mr. Norris's rank. Today

any novelist as shrewd as he, as conspicuous for inconspicuous good sense, would be either more critical of things-as-they-are or more aware that they had been criticized.

No, that isn't what I'm trying to get at, but rather something like this: our contemporary critical novelists, whether their criticism licks the foundations of things-as-they-are with tiny flames of irony, or tries to explode these foundations with generous dynamite blasts, have their eyes fixed nine-tenths of the time on things they think undesirable, on diseases more than on cures, on cures more than on health and what we're to do with it after society has got it. Mr. Chesterton says we moderns can't make pictures of heaven, of happiness. I wish some modern novelist, some one with imagination and brains, somebody with an aptitude for concrete enjoyments, would try to make such a picture. In a world where nearly everybody has a broken leg it is first of all necessary, I admit, to set as many legs as possible. But to achieve two sound legs can be a satisfactory goal only so long as one hasn't got them. Assuming that everybody has a good pair of legs, then what? Where is society to go when it can go where it pleases? I want to read a modern novel of which the author knows, as clearly as Mr. Norris or Miss Austen, what kind of life he thinks desirable.

I choose these two because each was so certain on this point, so definite, and yet so little open to the charge of optimism. I don't want my modern novelist to be an optimist, don't want him to deny that man's life is a watch or a vision between a sleep and a sleep. But there are visions and visions, watchers and watchers. Let our novelist throw caution away and show us, at the risk of hearing us all shout "Chautauqua" or "lubberland," men and women in the act of leading desirable lives. It is a task worthy of an imaginative man. His vision must allow for, must after a fashion include, many visions which are not his. He must not let his preference for this or that kind of human being expose him to the accusation of seeking to raise all human nature to one dead high level. Let him show us how much better the creative is than the possessive or acquisitive spirit. Let him invent, for his bankers, railroad men, merchants, lawyers, a kind of success which without bringing them wealth is yet as credible and indisputable and joyful as the success which Henry James has bestowed upon his novelists who don't sell.

You see the kind of novel I have in mind—a picture of happiness and its price, and of the kind of choice, the kind of renunciation each kind of happiness involves. Not a picture of reform, of effort to redress what's now wrong with the world, of the life led by the constructors of change. Such novels are often useful and may be good, but to read many of them on end is to be filled with a great vagueness, to conceive health as a recovery from unforgotten illness.

But perhaps the novel I'm asking for would be too forgetful of our world? Not necessarily. Some of man's instincts would be represented as weaker than they are today, others as stronger, but the limitary lines of man's predicament would be much the same. There would still be love and death, you know, and births, however controlled, would still occur. So long as there are children the kind of novel I'm suggesting cannot deal with a finished world. In the health of a creative, as now in "the sickness of an acquisitive" society, children will keep their blind power to shake us with our deepest fears and hopes.

P. L.

Teutonism Revived

Is America Safe for Democracy?, by William McDougall. New York: Charles Scribners Sons.

EVERYONE must rejoice that Harvard stands imperturbably behind all its wild professors, Jew and Gentile, Bolshevik and Imperialist, pro-German and pro-Ally; but let us admit that Harvard does become the vantage point of the more absurd kind of reactionary foreign propagandist. For years the American public had the pain of enduring the pseudo-science of Hugo Münsterberg. Now we are asked to endure the pseudo-science of William McDougall. Of the two, I think Münsterberg was intellectually much more serious. Though an inveterate popularizer and editorializer he had at any rate a considered philosophical position; on that account he had to be reckoned with except in his poorest pot-boilers. This is not true of McDougall. He came to Harvard on his reputation as a psychologist, which he had legitimately earned, but after the present performance he forces us to regard him either as a Buzz-fuzz or as a funny man. He may enter the lists against Stephen Leacock or against N. M. Butler. But his "anthropology" and his "history" won't stand the wash. On reading *Is America Safe for Democracy?*, I feel like asking, *Is America Safe for McDougall?*

Why should a man who is competent in the field of shoe manufacturing imagine that he must therefore be able to play the piccolo in public? Why should a college president and expert endowment-procurer suppose that he is correspondingly competent in the field of international relations? We are all curious about human versatility. The landscapes of a traffic cop or the Greek dancing of Secretary Hughes could hardly help attracting an audience. One doesn't object to versatility as such, only to the supposition that because a man is entitled to respect and prestige in one activity he is to be let apply that credit wherever he likes. Mr. McDougall as an authority on fatigue is one thing; as a suburban father with five children and as a dispenser of suburban statecraft he is quite another. And when he includes in this book the picture of his children, ("my" children, mark you, not "our" children, the coxcomb swelling as usual), one simply hopes that this visual proof of harmless complacency will mark the book for what it is. It is an amateur excursion in the vague direction of "civilization" with the thesis that "the social stratification which exists in modern industrial communities is positively correlated with a corresponding stratification of innate moral and intellectual quality." By "modern industrial communities" not meaning Moscow, naturally, but "normal" communities where Anglo-Saxon normalcy prevails.

The thesis is a good one. But when a man first says civilization, and then says Western civilization, and then says Protestant Nordic Western civilization, and then describes his audience as the "bearers" and "heirs of civilization," we know that he has left the laboratory of science and come into the good, rich, hot, rank atmosphere of the herd. This is the atmosphere that permeates Mr. McDougall's contribution to human entertainment. Pleasant as it must be to Nordic Protestants, however, it affects me like the old bad jokes at the Winter Garden. One has heard it so often, and always accompanied by the same cant.

"The evidence cited in this volume indicates very strong-

ly, if it does not finally prove" Mr. McDougall's contentions as to social stratification. Let us, then, glance at the sort of evidence on which this lusty scientist feeds. He believes that those who do the best must be the best. Hence he believes that British ascendancy and British excellence are two aspects of the same thing. He goes about proving it directly and indirectly. One way of proving it is to show that "some men, and even whole races of men, are born incapable of being educated beyond a very modest level of intellectual and moral achievement." He selects the Negroes to prove this incapability. To carry his point as to "natural endowment" he resorts to generalizations such as the following: "Does not common experience teach us that, where schooling is difficult to obtain, the brighter boys who find themselves making good progress in school are those who are most likely to continue at school? And is it not probable that the brighter boys and the sons of the more intelligent parents are more likely to enter school than the dullards and the sons of unintelligent parents?" In other words, since you become educated if you are bright, if you are not educated you are probably incapable of being educated.

Well, he is confronted by an awkward objective test in which the "intelligence quotient" of the Negroes proved to be 83 and the Italians only 84.

This is his scientific comment on it: "If this figure should be confirmed by further research, it would, of course, not justify us in drawing any inference about the population of Italy as a whole, nor even about that of Southern Italy, from which region most of these immigrants have *probably* come. The recent Italian immigrants are *probably* not a fair sample of the population of Italy." These probabilities!

Again, another probably. "The colored men of the Northern States showed distinct superiority to those of the South, in respect of their performance in the army-intelligence tests. Have they not a larger proportion of white blood? I do not know, but I suspect it."

Why does he "suspect" it? He has read Shaler, the admirable geologist. "Shaler, who made a lifelong study of the Negroes and who wrote with warm appreciation of their many fine qualities, recorded, nevertheless, the following judgment: 'All the facts we have point to the same unhappy conclusion, that the Negro considered as a species is, by nature, incapable of creating or maintaining societies of an order above barbarism, and that, so far as we can discern, this feature of his nature, depending, as it does, on the lack of certain qualities of mind, is irremediable.'"

An argumentum ad hominem is sometimes important. Wasn't Shaler a Southern gentleman? But, in any case, these "irremediables" seem to me inconsequential gossip, not science. How about Mr. McDougall's cannibalistic Gaelic ancestors (A. D. 100)? How about the Briton in his woody savagery? We shall have to have something much better than "probably" and "I suppose" before we resign ourselves to the present social stratifications. But Mr. McDougall is the kind of scientist who is world-wide in his deference to the status quo. He skips to the Hindu and he tells us that "the natives of India are relatively defective in character or will-power." We ask relative to what? He doesn't hint that the machine gun enters into "the explanation of British ascendancy."

But this is a braw scientist afraid of no generalization. The Britons are from 60 to 70 per cent Nordic, the French 25 per cent Nordic ("this is a very rough estimate, of course"), and if you're Nordic you are full of "initiative,

enterprise, impatience of control," "volition, resolution, hard choice, initiative, enterprise, determination."

This, methought, was the lingo of our friend the Hun. But the Hun, unfortunately, turns out to be slavishly docile and Alpine. We are now dealing with the world-power Briton, in whom herd instinct is relatively weak. The Britons are men of the Nordic race. They "are taciturn; they take part in social gatherings only with difficulty and hesitation; they are content to live alone in the seclusion of the family circle, emerging from it only in response to the call of duty or ambition or war." Hence it is so hard to make them go to ball-games, movies, political conventions, soda-fountains, and summer resorts. These taciturn heroes differ from the Mediterranean stock in their glorious adventurousness on the sea. "In the Mediterranean race the instinct of curiosity is relatively weak." Columbus was Nordic, indubitably. So were Marco Polo and Cortez and Balboa and Prince Henry the Navigator. Since McDougall has appropriated Dante and Michael Angelo, why not these?

To point out that Walt Whitman is paraded as an Anglo-Saxon New Englander is merely to emphasize the piffle with which this book is loaded. Its sermonette, that the "upper strata," constantly reduced by race-suicide, must be deliberately protected so that it can handle an increasingly difficult task, is mere sentimental top-dressing. "Our" ascendancy is the real inwardness of the book. It is such a book as any pro-Teutonic Englishman might have written forty years ago.

How did the Nordic audience at the Lowell Institute like it? I hope very well, but I trust that Bostonians of the humanitarian type really understood to the full this sort of Germanic race egoism. It is the end of democracy as they knew it. It is a loyal alliance of privileged Briton and privileged American with pseudo-anthropology and pseudo-history to delude their adherents and to bolster up their morale.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

French Cathedrals

How France Built Her Cathedrals, by Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. New York: Harper & Bros.

A TIMELY book. One cannot travel in northern France without meeting thousands of intelligent Americans who, after seeing Rheims, feel they must go on with the melancholy pilgrimage and turn their steps towards Soissons, Noyon and Saint Quentin. On the other hand, one cannot travel in the United States without encountering men, not only officers but plain veterans of the great army, who call every striking church they saw in France a "cathedral," and who, full of interest in the religious architecture of the French dimly realize that when propagandists speak of the French in clear terms as pagans or in abstruse language as analysts devoid of the spirit of poetry and art, there must be a mistake somewhere: the magnificent cathedrals, churches, abbeys and chapels which raise their powerful or graceful silhouettes every few miles on French soil as nowhere else, cannot have been produced by prosaic materialists or by pagans.

"I believe," said Ruskin in an Edinburgh lecture, "that the French nation in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was the greatest nation in the world."

It is to answer the multitudinous questions arising from

an interest in French Gothic architecture that Miss O'Reilly wrote her book. How France Built Her Cathedrals is visibly a work of love to which a whole lifetime must have been devoted. Miss O'Reilly has not only visited and examined all the chief monuments which the two great architectural centuries produced but she has read the innumerable works, technical or literary, dealing with them, and her interest seems to have grown fresher as it became more fully satisfied.

Many readers will be grateful to Miss O'Reilly for giving plenty of space to the mere builder's side of the architectural development. Tourists formerly took such details for granted, and few were those who, contrasting the massive appearance of a Romanesque church of the twelfth century with the airiness of its neighbor of the thirteenth, asked themselves by what magic the lace-like piles could have borne for six or seven hundred years the weight of the enormous roof. Today the visitor sees many parts of the shattered cathedrals in the north standing in an apparently impossible manner, the soldier has watched the tremendous effort of enormous shells to destroy what seemed to be nothing but frail beauty, and questions have become natural and inevitable. Miss O'Reilly answers them by telling how the Romanesque was evoked into the Gothic and the connection is made clear to us somewhat as the mere history of Italian painting leads us to an understanding of how the transparent shades in a picture of Perugino began with the despairing attempts of Cimabue.

Miss O'Reilly also goes into the discussion of how the cathedrals came into existence, not as was long contended for civic uses, the building of the commune as opposed to the Bishop's palace,—but as the result of an ambition to produce more beauty that, in the mediaeval phrase, "the good Lord might be more handsomely housed." The following passage will give an idea of her spirit as well as of certain mannerisms in her style:

Many a sharp word does M. Viollet le Duc give as critic to those who enjoy in a cathedral the superficial beauties of decoration, but are blind to the efficient structure, to the scientific upholding skeleton. Surely it is a still more radical ignorance which perceives in a Gothic church its mechanical perfection but denies the aspiration to immortality which was its inceptive spirit. To ascribe the origin of cathedrals to the need by the nascent commune of a town hall is to make of those soaring monuments veritable follies of human pride. Restore to them their religious soul, have eyes to see what may be called their spiritual framework, and as up-leaps toward the infinite they are sublimities; can churches be the creation of rebellion and hate when into their very stones passed the clamorous vibrant faith of those crusading generations? Like hovering prayers their vaults seem to shut one in. The heart, weary of modern sophistry, draws strength from their eternal affirmation. He must have little music in his soul who is deaf to such a Credo. When men built Gothic cathedrals they knelt on both knees to pray and never have they soared more supremely above themselves. 'Deeds of God through the French, are these temples.' [Pages 35, 36.]

No, the Middle Ages could not have been superstitious and barbarous. And yet there are times in the history of those days,—the sacking of Constantinople in 1204, for instance—which suggest barbarity. The conclusion to which Miss O'Reilly came is the same as that of the Spanish theologian Balmés: "the Middle Ages showed barbarism tempered by religion and religion disfigured by barbarism."

Miss O'Reilly thinks with Ruskin that "we may live without architecture and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her." Most of her volume is devoted to the history resulting from associations inseparable from Gothic churches. The lay reader will be grateful to *How France Built Her Cathedrals*, for a good chronology of the cathedral and a clear mapping out of local styles of architecture varying, as is well-known and delightful to notice, from province to province. The human interest is not wanting here. Great names by the score are attached to the cathedrals: there is singular attraction in the sketches Miss O'Reilly gives us of the great abbotts, Suger and Bernard, one in love with the new art, the other opposed to it from the same spirit which kept him from even looking at the lake of Geneva because it was too lovely; of Saint Louis; of the great crusaders; and, too cursorily, of the great architects. She enjoys the French poetry which has been lavished on mediaeval beauty, and so it is strange she should have forgotten Pierre de Craon in Claudel's *Tidings Brought to Mary*. But it is hardly fair to reproach with an omission a book which constantly gives the reader the impression that the author is only too anxious to lose nothing of what she garnered for our information.

ERNEST DIMNET.

Alice of the Adamses

Alice Adams, by Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co.

IN *Alice Adams* Mr. Tarkington has continued the scene which he established in *The Magnificent Ambersons*, the youthful middle western city whose garments are outgrown and shrinking in frayed edges from rawboned wrists and ankles. The tattered suburb in which the Adamses lived might have been the Amberson addition, and the little jerry-built frame house, which Alice explained so glibly as an idiosyncrasy of her old-fashioned father, one of the last speculations of that noble family, before the ebbing tide of fashion left mansion and cottage, Ambersons and Adamses, high and dry on the beach.

But the emphasis is not on the background. Mr. Tarkington has the story of a girl and her family to tell, and he concentrates his talent upon it with extraordinary pertinacity and singleness of purpose. From the moment when Alice Adams with her buoyant step, her alluring smile, her little Malacca stick swinging in her pretty hand, goes forth to consolidate her precarious position in the social world she is a figure of tragedy. We know that she is predestined, and there is fascination in watching the progress of her doom. Mr. Tarkington spares no single step of her pilgrimage through the valley of humiliation. The party which exposes so relentlessly her failing charm, the violets which she gathers for hours in the rain and which wither so quickly at her corsage, the battered Ford which must be left far from the door, the brother who furnishes an unwilling escort and escapes to shoot craps with the waiters, the dances which the partnerless girl lives through by looking assuredly expectant when alone, and absorbedly interested when with the chaperones—this first occasion is typical of her entire career. It is a story as grim in its assembling of human forces, as implacable in tracing the resultant of them, as *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and, as in *Tess*, we feel that the heroine is the victim of a conspiracy. Her mother's ambition, her father's subjection, her broth-

er's perversity unite for her undoing. The dice are too steadily loaded against her.

Even so it is left for Alice to betray herself. The love story which follows her luck in attracting the brilliant stranger, is like an old-fashioned tale of ratiocination. Every one of her charms is exploited to its nemesis; every little lie helps to weave the net in which she is caught; every hand is overbidden. It remains for her mother, whose love for Alice is the sacrificial flame which consumes the family, to complete the ruin. Alice was never so ill-starred as when she consented to the project of a family dinner as a means of determining Arthur Russell's status as her wooer. Thackeray has given the classical form to this theme in *A Little Dinner at Timmins's*, but that story of social catastrophe is pale beside the little dinner at Adams's. The agony of preparation, the heat, the Brussels sprouts, the drunken waitress, the roses dying on the stained cloth, the love dying in a weary heart, and Alice fighting against fate with the trivial weapons of her coquetry,—it is almost too poignant, too pitiful.

"She smoothed over her father and mother for Russell, and she smoothed over him for them, though he did not know it, and remained unaware of what he owed her. With all this, throughout her prattlings, the girl's bright eyes kept seeking his with an eager gayety, which but little veiled both interrogation and entreaty—as if she asked: 'Is it too much for you? Can't you bear it? Won't you please bear it? I would for you. Won't you give me a sign that it's all right?'"

Alice has incontestable reality; so has her father in his patient acquiescence; so her mother in her passionate maternity. The old people are indeed the more completely realized, for in Alice, we feel that something is left out. It is incredible that a girl whose whole power is in the exercise of her sexual charm should show no consciousness of its source, no emotional reaction to the presence of her prey. We do not expect to find Mr. Tarkington's heroines sharing the complexes of Mr. Lawrence's, but it is impossible that in Alice's slim lithe body there should not be a single shiver of passion, a sting of desire—that all her coquetry should be mechanical and her physical life confined to eyes, hands and tongue. It is true Mr. Tarkington's method is external and dramatic. His characters are realized almost entirely in action and speech; but when he raises momentarily the curtain that covers Alice's soul, as in the passage quoted above, it disappoints our credulity to find her thought consisting of images which merely repeat the external dramatization of herself, and her only emotion, self-pity. Such, however, is Mr. Tarkington's hypothesis of American girlhood, and it is plausible if not convincing. It is, moreover, the hypothesis on which he has built his story. If Alice had not been so respectable she might have won.

As for Arthur Russell, he is a mere symbol of eligibility. We expect no heart throbs from him. It is fortunate that Mr. Tarkington's method saves him the trouble of explaining how he could fall so easily, and for so long, and need the exposure of Alice by his relatives to break through his infatuation. But though Arthur is an automaton he has the speech and gesture of life which his manipulator knows so well how to impart.

In one respect Mr. Tarkington has advanced since *The Magnificent Ambersons*. There is in *Alice Adams* no excursion into the romantic in search of a happy ending. The Adamses pick themselves up after their collapse. Mrs. Adams opens her home as a boarding-house and is delighted with her first boarder. "A very pleasant-looking young

man,' Mrs. Adams repeated with increased conviction and a thoughtful glance at her daughter. 'He's a Mr. Will Dickson and he has a first-class position with the gas works.' Alice herself, with the recollection of a story of a French girl who sought vengeance on her faithless lover by taking the veil, enters the portal of Fincke's business college. It is not romantic, but neither is it uplifting, and we think the jacket critic unduly optimistic when he assures us that "Through the daughter the family is on the road to a firmer and finer reality." This "heartening portrait of young American womanhood" is completed by Alice's remark to her father, "Well, don't you think, since we do have to go on, we ought to have learned some sense about how to do it?" Exactly. We feel sure that Alice Adams will make no more such futile campaigns. It was magnificent—but it was not marriage. When we next hear of Alice, if Mr. Tarkington is so generous, it will be of Alice Dickson, or perhaps Alice Fincke.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Peace Conference

Some Problems of the Peace Conference, by Charles Homer Haskins and Robert Howard Lord. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

THIS reprint of eight lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute last January is a valuable contribution to the study of the territorial problems which the Peace Conference attempted to solve. It has the rare merit of being both scholarly and readable. The six maps accompanying the text are helpful, though not elaborate. A serviceable bibliography is appended to each chapter.

Recalling the fact that Dean Haskins and Professor Lord were members of the staff of the American delegation and served on some of the commissions which drafted the peace terms, one might expect to find revealed in their book the true "inside story" of the Peace Conference, or at least a part of that story. To readers who look for sensational disclosures or long for a glimpse of what went on behind the scenes at Paris, the book will afford scant satisfaction. To be sure, Dean Haskins corrects the popular impression that the Council of Ten sat around a green table (though most of their minor commissions did) and that the meetings of the "Big Four" at President Wilson's residence were always "private and unattended." The American delegation, Professor Lord informs us, opposed the cession of western Thrace to Greece and advocated compromise respecting southern Albania and Dobrudja. In general, however, the authors have discreetly thrown a veil of silence over secret diplomacy. The Secret Treaties are hardly mentioned, except in the case of Italy. The interesting clash between France and England over the Left Bank, the stand taken by Lloyd George in reference to the Polish-German frontier, the efforts to avoid an open break with Italy, and the discussions concerning Russia are not made public property. Reticence regarding such matters is justifiable, nay, compulsory, according to accepted standards of honor in public affairs. I have touched upon it only because I believe that the reader may misunderstand the book and perhaps idealize the Conference, unless he is mindful that the authors are explaining what *can be* said for or against the decisions of the Peace Conference, rather than what actually *was* said.

The arguments employed to vindicate various articles of the Treaty are convincing when taken separately, but

bewildering indeed if placed in close juxtaposition. It was the "duty" of the Peace Conference, Dean Haskins asserts, to redress the historic wrongs of Denmark by allowing the people of North Schleswig to choose between Germany and Denmark, by plebiscite; but in righting "the wrong done to France in 1871," in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, "a plebiscite seemed impracticable, unless as a matter of form, and in that case in was unnecessary." In the Saar Valley, the people "would doubtless have voted to remain with Germany," had their wishes been consulted; nevertheless, it was an act of "elementary justice" to transfer the mines of this region to France as reparation for damage done to French mines, even though the transfer involved a clear violation of the principle of national self-determination. Dean Haskins's optimistic assertion that the rights of the inhabitants have been carefully safeguarded, and that their economic situation is peculiarly advantageous, fails to carry conviction if the reader has chanced to peruse the Official Journal of the League of Nations for June, wherein the Saar Basin Governing Commission candidly admits the existence of a grave economic crisis and the necessity of court-martialing newspaper-editors who bring charges against the army of occupation. In the case of the Saar Basin, a rich mineral deposit lying beneath the soil is more important than the German population living above the soil. When, however, we come to Upper Silesia, Professor Lord completely reverses his collaborator's argument by declaring that the will of the people, as indicated by a future plebiscite, must govern the fate of the mines.

"Ethnography," or the state of affairs shown by linguistic maps, is another disconcerting determinant of variable validity. Professor Lord makes it the decisive factor in the assignment of the Danzig corridor to Poland, as well as in the attribution of a strip of Hungarian territory to Austria and in the demarcation of the frontier between Austria and Yugoslavia. Dean Haskins discounts ethnography in dealing with Alsace-Lorraine. Even Professor Lord himself finds it "very difficult to apply" the principle in eastern Galicia, where a Ruthenian majority has been placed provisionally under Polish rule. The Ruthenians, unfortunately, are culturally backward and politically disunited, whereas the Poles were superior in civilization, boasted an historic claim, and were actually in possession. Nor has Professor Lord any serious fault to find with the Peace Conference for handing over three and one-half million Germans to Czecho-Slovakia. Ethnography here is over-ruled (1) by geography, inasmuch as a strictly ethnographic frontier would be a bad military and geographic boundary, making the new state look "like a tadpole" on the map; (2) by history, since the mediaeval kingdom of Bohemia once included this German-speaking area (and all of Silesia, to boot!); (3) by economics, because the new republic "would have entered on its career with an almost fatal handicap, had it been deprived of its chief industrial districts and its main supplies of coal and other materials." Turning over a few pages, we discover that similar arguments are less applicable in the case of Austria: the historic frontier between Austria and Czecho-Slovakia is violated at the former's expense in order to give the latter better rail communications. Ethnographic claims are dismissed most easily of all in the case of Albania. That the Albanians "can scarcely object" to an Italian protectorate, and that Italy's possession of Avlona is "no more unnatural than England's position at Gibraltar or our own at Panama," Professor Lord assumes without wasting words.

In general, a very favorable view of the Peace Con-

ference is presented. It was a hard-working and an efficient assembly. Most of its decisions, including the much-criticized Polish settlement and the Saar Basin arrangement, are defended. The Treaty of Versailles, Dean Haskins declares, "represents an honest effort to secure a just and durable settlement, and neither the Conference in general nor the United States in particular need be ashamed of it." Professor Lord regrets that German Austria was not permitted to join Germany, and that the Turk was suffered to remain in Constantinople, but concludes that, all things taken together, "the principle of nationality has never before won so sweeping and signal a victory" as at Paris.

Considered as a whole, the book confronts us with a dilemma. If we admit that the principle of self-determination may be tempered by economic, strategic, geographic, historic, and cultural interests, it is clear that almost all the territorial settlements of the Peace Treaty can be proved just. If we insist that the problem be simplified by applying the principle of self-determination, or any other principle, consistently, we shall find ourselves unable to share in the authors' optimism concerning the Treaty.

PARKER THOMAS MOON.

Selected Current Books

Life of Marcus Aurelius, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Yale Press.

"A biography told as much as may be by letters, together with some account of the Stoic religion" and Christian suppression.

Modern Social Movements, by Savel Zimand. H. W. Wilson Co.

A descriptive bibliography covering trade unionism, cooperative movement, industrial democracy, socialism, single tax, guild socialism, syndicalism, bolshevism and anarchism. Introduction by Professor Charles Beard.

A Correction

In the article, The Great College Illusion, New Republic, June 22nd, page 101, column 2, for "the new so-called examinations in Harvard College," read "the new so-called general examinations in Harvard College." It may be added that these "general departmental examinations" are examinations in the general subject of a department instead of upon a special course of instruction.

Contributors

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN, a Russian writer who came to America a few years ago, has recently returned from a six months' visit to Russia. He is the author of *The Soul of the Russian Revolution* and *A Guide to Russian Literature (1820-1917)*.

ROYALL SNOW is a lecturer in the English Department of Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, who has frequently contributed verse to various magazines.

AUSTIN P. HAINES is a graduate of Grinnell College. He is Assistant Manager of *Pierce's Farmer Weeklies: The Iowa Homestead, the Wisconsin Farmer and the Farmer and Stockman*.

AGHAVNIE YEGHENIAN left Armenia in 1915 to escape persecution. She has studied at Columbia University and is now Secretary for Armenians in the Immigration Department of the Y. W. C. A.

When You Read Don't Waste Your Time

¶ No person reading for twenty-four hours every day could cover all the magazines that are now published. Yet the magazines are but one of the sources from which the editors of *Current Opinion* glean the most vital of the month's news, the World over, to condense into

"All The Magazines in One"

IN THE JULY CURRENT OPINION
YOU WILL FIND

Shall America Disarm? by Hudson Maxim

Dr. Frank Crane on

Harvey and the Women, A Challenge to Democracy, and the best of his current writings

Close-ups of Prominent People

Sir Robert Horne, Louis Loucheur and others

A Review of the World

An understandable statement of the leading political and economic movements of the month

The News of the Month in Cartoons

Cover in colors by "Ding" and portraits by Wheelock

The Best Story of the Month

The Old School by Wallace Irwin

Reprinted by permission *Pictorial Review*

Drama—Ethel and John Barrymore in "*Clair de Lune*"

Victor Hugo served "a la Barrymore"

Science, Industry and Invention

Ten important Articles Every Month

Literature and Art, Books in Brief, and Voices of Living Poets

READ THE BEST OF ALL
IN CURRENT OPINION

35c a Copy

\$4.00 a Year

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

CURRENT OPINION,

50 West 47th Street, New York

Please send me *Current Opinion* for eight months for which I am to pay only \$2.00 after receipt of two issues. It is understood that if after receiving two numbers I wish to cancel my subscription I may do so.

Name

Address

N.R. 6-29

THE JAPAN NUMBER

of the

Manchester Guardian

published June 9th, 1921

Explains the present day character and psychology of the great Asiatic people that has made itself in two generations one of the Four Great Powers.

The leading figures of modern Japan describe the vast social, cultural and political process of adaptation that is taking place.

This Number of 72 pages will be on sale at all newsagents at the usual price. Copies can be obtained for six pence post free, from The Manchester Guardian, Cross Street, Manchester, England.

Whatever book you want

Frankaufer;

has it, or will get it.

We buy old, rare books, and sets of books

NEW YORK and PHILADELPHIA

The Jolly New World

"The interesting questions which are raised in regard to capital and labor, and its illuminating discussion of internationalism and pacifism, should be read by everyone who claims to be at all conversant with world problems."—(Bishop) Paul Jones.

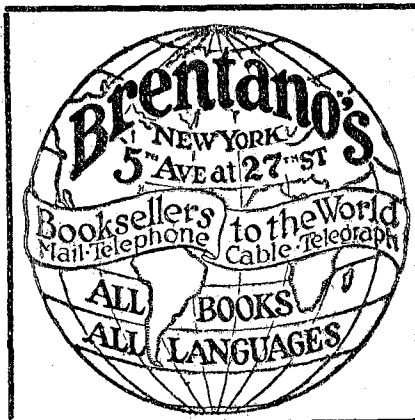
"An extraordinarily nice thing to give to one's obdurate conservative friends."—Mary Ware Dennett.

"The best presentation since Emerson's essay on The Conservative."—D. G. Hitchcock.

A 32-page pamphlet in lighter vein.
Price 25 cents.

THE ARBITRATOR

P. O. Box 42, Wall St. Sta., N. Y. C.



Please mention The New Republic when writing to advertisers.



The Gift Supreme, Practical, Distinctive, Eternal

SO completely do Art Colony Products represent perfection in quality, in design, and in craftsmanship that invariably they are finding a place in homes distinguished for their appointments. That Art Colony pieces should receive an approval at once so distinctive and so significant is proof abundant of their superior excellence.

This gratifying recognition from the hands of discriminating people leads us to hope that through an attractive introductory offer we may acquaint you with the Art Colony line.

Our candlesticks, candelabra, wall sconces, and door knockers are finely cast from solid brass, thus insuring the desired (heavy) weight.

Other pieces, such as Turkish coffee urns, Egyptian jugs, tea kettles, card trays, comports, etc., etc., are hand wrought in both copper and brass, in designs ranging from ancient Egyptian to Colonial American.

In anticipation of your interest we have prepared a catalog showing our complete line. Ask for catalog 16.

Pioneer Craftsmen in Brass and Copper

"The most distinctive and fairest priced line in America."

ART COLONY INDUSTRIES

326 Church St.

New York City.

Art Colony products should be found at your favorite gift shop, art shop, or store. If not, we will be pleased to sell you direct.

A Summer Course in Story Writing

PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN of the School of Journalism, Columbia University, will conduct a private series of lectures and conferences on short story writing in New York beginning July fifth. The instruction will be of practical benefit to teachers, professional writers, and beginners of serious purpose.

Personal qualifications for authorship, the technical principles of the short story, and the best methods of artistic mastery will be explained. The moving picture as an art and a business will also be subjected to a searching analysis.

Full particulars will be sent promptly upon application direct to

Professor Walter B. Pitkin

Sub-station 84

New York

THE BOOK SHOP is a new publication edited by the same people who formerly put out the International Socialist Review, killed by Mr. Bursleson. Number 1, just ready, contains an article on "The World Situation" by Herman Cahn, author of "Capital Today," showing why revolution in continental Europe may be expected soon. Also extracts from private letters with inside facts about the situation in Germany and Japan, an article from S. J. Rutgers on the economics of Soviet Russia, and a variety of other interesting matter. Price 10c a copy, \$6.00 a hundred. No yearly subscriptions solicited at present. Send 50c for eight copies of No. 1, and ask your friends to read it. Book catalog free.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 349 East Ohio Street, CHICAGO

HOW TO LIVE TODAY

In order to keep healthy, and how to avoid the healing swindlers of all sorts,—that is what you learn through *Rational Living*, the radical independent health magazine, 61 Hamilton Place, New York.—Editor B. Liber, M.D., D.P.H.—40 cents a copy. Trial subscription 3 copies \$1.10. No free sample copies. Sold in important book stores in U. S. and Canada. In New York at Brentano's, Rand School and Maisel's.

Dr. Liber's book on the bringing up of children "The Child and the Home", \$2.50. Advance sub. \$2.00. The book together with yearly sub. to *Rational Living* \$5.00 instead of \$6.50.

GOLDTHWAITE INN, Bellport, L. I., on Great South Bay. Cool, comfortable, charming. Own gardens. Sports, tennis, golf, sailing, bathing.